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**GOOD-NATURE,**  
**AND**  
***OTHER TALES.***

**Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.**



# GOOD-NATURE:

OR,

*Sensibility:*

*AND OTHER TALES.*



BY MISS AIMWELL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we form'd  
One contradiction—the continual sport  
Of fighting pow'rs? Oh, wherefore hast thou sown  
Such war within us—such unequal conflict •  
Between slow Reason and impetuous Passion?  
THOMSON.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF

## GOOD-NATURE.

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AS Emily Nugent stepped into the carriage which conveyed her from the scene of so many various feelings, her trembling steps could scarcely sustain her weight. The two nights of intense agitation she had endured had caused a degree of fever, which flushed her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her eyes. Illness had, as she said, made her view things in the worst light, yet reason told her, that Clanalvon, so long and devotedly attached, would not—could not prove untrue; and hope, founded on reason, sometimes glowed in her breast, and glanced its brightness from her eyes. She



had another consolation to cheer the darkness of presentiment, which, in defiance of Reason's smiles, overpowered her; she knew that her actions had been guided by principle and duty, and from this felt confident that whatever their effect might prove, it must be for the best; and this holy confidence gradually became her only support.

At every post-town where they stopped, her beautiful features beamed with hope of there receiving a declaration of his eternal faith; for she knew his disposition too well to suppose that he would leave her in suspense until she reached Riversdale; in every breath she fancied his voice—in every tread his step.

The journey was usually completed, with ease, in three days; but Mrs. Nugent felt that the gay active Emily, who, when they last had made it, hastened their progress, was now no longer equal to the slightest exertion—it was the seventh day, when, exhausted by constant disappointment, and a preying fever, which it had

caused, she entered the avenue of Riversdale; where every step brought to view some little mark of his affection.

Emily threw herself back in the carriage, to avoid a sight to which she felt unequal. The door was surrounded by the poor, among whom were many of Clanalvon's tenants, all anxious to catch the first glance of Emily's bright eyes, and the first tones of her gay harmonious voice.

"Ah, Heaven be wid yez, ladies! and I'm glad ye're come back among your own—sure there was no pleasure in life wid the two families away," echoed from every voice.

Emily could not raise her head.

"Miss Nugent is not quite well, my kind friends," said her aunt, bending to the window; and instantly, with the delicacy natural to the Irish character, the crowd dispersed, with murmurs of kind solicitude and sympathy, and hopes of seeing their "darlint young lady" to-mor-

row; but that morrow saw her deprived, of reason, and almost of life; the nervous fever, caused by agitation of feelings, and loss of rest, which had been gaining rapid ground during their journey, was now arrived at the most alarming height; and as the wretched Mrs. Nugent hung over the feverish pillow of her idolized child, she almost feared that the fervent prayers she offered up for her restoration were cruelty towards her; that Emily should ever again be happy, was now, she thought, past all hope; all that she had clung to for earthly felicity was gone; duty had combined with inclination to fix for ever, without the possibility of change, the attachment once avowed; and so authorized, it had indeed become a part of Emily's existence; still she would, in her delirium, clasp her feeble hands, to pray for blessings on him who had reduced her to this situation; and often Mrs. Nugent wished that every proud resentful spirit could thus behold her, for hard indeed must have been the heart which could mark, with-

out improvement, the fervour of her prayers, and the forgiving sweetness which prompted them; and often she joined her prayers to Emily's, that Clanalvon might be supported through the bitter affliction she knew he would feel, should Emily's danger come to his knowledge.

Every hour, for many days, Mrs. Nugent saw her become weaker and weaker, and thought she would ere long be called to resign her to that heaven for which she was so well prepared; but the friend of the friendless—the protectress of the oppressed, was not thus to perish—the prayers of her dependants were heard, and Emily was restored to life.

It was on the very day when she was pronounced out of danger, that Mrs. Nugent received a letter from lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice; the melancholy which pervaded her style grieved her sincerely; but the contents of the letter were not now astonishing—every day had prepared Mrs. Nugent to hear that Clanalvon would shortly become the husband of Cecilia

Hazlewood! yet she feared, from the debilitated state of her piece, that the shock of hearing what she herself expected confirmed by certainty, would be more than she could bear, and she determined to conceal it, till her shattered nerves and trembling frame should gain some strength.

Hope was dead in the bosom of Emily, but resignation had replaced it, and shed its serene smiles over her pale features; and once more her eyes beamed the mild and holy lustre which in former afflictions had always replaced their sparkling brilliancy; she was beginning so far to recover her strength, that Mrs. Nugent thought she might shortly communicate to her the contents of Elizabeth's letter, when one day she entered the room where she was sitting, looking paler, but not less placid than usual; she held a newspaper in her hand, and pointing to one paragraph, she gave it to her aunt, and silently left the room; the paragraph ran thus—

“ Married this morning, at St. George's church, by the lord bishop of —, the

right honourable the earl of Clanalvon, to Cecilia, only child and heiress of F. Hazlewood, Esq. of Woodpark, —shire. The ceremony was private. The bridesmaids were the right honourable lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, and the honourable Miss Howard. The noble bridegroom, with his lovely bride, and the dowager countess of Clanalvon, with the ladies Fitzmaurice, left town, immediately after the ceremony for the seat of J. Hastings, Esq., where, we understand, they propose remaining some weeks before they proceed to Clanalvon Castle. The magnificence of the equipages, and the elegance of the entertainment which followed the ceremony, have excited universal admiration."

Mrs. Nugent's colour had changed at every sentence as she read it, and tears filled her eyes, when, following her niece, she found her looking perfectly calm, tho' pale, reading her Bible.

She looked up, and a smile of heavenly expression beamed on her countenance, as

she softly, but fervently said—" May they be happy, my dearest aunt! may they be happy, and make others so! In sight of Heaven I can truly say, that I hope no recollection of me may ever mar their mutual affection." She saw that her aunt looked on her with mournful tenderness, and throwing her arms around her, she added—" And I, my beloved aunt—I too will be happy; all *anxiety* has now left my mind, and you will see your darling smile again."

Mrs. Nugent burst into tears, and clasping her to her breast, she said—" Oh, do smile, my precious child!—do not smile so sadly, but cheer my heart with those dear looks of peace and joy."

" Joy!" repeated Emily, sighing deeply; " oh, aunt, do not yet speak of joy!—'tis too soon; but peace, I trust, will ever more reign in this lately-agitated breast. But let us leave this place—I cannot here feel at rest."

" Yes, let us go, my only treasure," said

Mrs. Nugent; "I live but for you and in you; but let us not go until your strength is more restored."

She found soon, however, that their further stay was more injurious to her than the fatigue of travelling could be. Here his image was recalled at every moment; here, if she attempted to amuse her mind by her harp or pianoforte, his animated countenance still recurred to her memory, beaming love and delight upon her; here, if she touched her pencil, his voice seemed to applaud every stroke; here, if she read, it was in the spot where he had read to her, or laid down the book to enter into conversation; his graceful form seemed here to attend her every step—if she entered the cottages of the poor, there his praise flowed from every tongue.

In change of scene alone, Mrs. Nugent soon perceived, could her health be re-established, and a delicacy of chest, which seemed to threaten her lungs, made her fix on Devonshire as the place of their retreat.



She mentioned this to Emily.—“It is indeed difficult to forget him,” she replied, “or rather to cease to love one whose image, lately so dear, must ever be present to my mind; but duty now forbids me to love him as I did—he is Cecilia’s husband now, and I trust one day to be able to hear constantly of their increasing happiness, and perhaps,” she added, in a faltering tone, “to see them.”

It was the day before their departure that Emily entered the cottage of Mrs. O’Beirne, one of Clanalvon’s tenants, who was peculiarly attached to her, to take leave of her and her children.

The poor woman burst into tears, when she recollected that this was perhaps the last time she should ever see her dear young lady, and covering her face with her apron, she sobbed out—“And my lord to be bringing a stranger down upon us, and expecting us, I dare say, to be just the same way, bonfires and all, as if it was yourself, Miss Nugent! but that’s what we can never be—she can never be liked

and loved amongst us, as if he had the only one in the world that ever was fitted for him, and like himself, whatever made him take a liking to this one."

"Lady Clanalvon is a most sweet, amiable woman," replied Emily, tremulously, "and will, I am sure, be beloved for her own sake, as well as her lord's."

"She may be an angel of light," said Mrs. O'Beirne, sighing; "but sure, Miss Nugent, dear, you wouldn't expect us to love her like you, or forget you, and think it was she that done all that is done?"

"I hope," said Emily, holding out her hand, "I hope my kind friends will never forget me, but they can also love and respect their lady. I should indeed be grieved that your affection for me should prejudice you against my earliest friend."

"Oh! to be sure, ma'am, if she's your friend, and as my lord did choose her," replied Mrs. O'Beirne. "But, oh, Miss Nugent, dear! we can't think her like you, that was always kind, and good, and like an angel; the very childer, the creatures,

says there's none such—and true for them, the poor things! sure they know you.”

“ You will find her, I trust, kind, and good, and like an angel,” said Emily, in a voice almost inarticulate.

“ Well, somehow, to tell you the plain truth, Miss Nugent—and why should I be hiding it from you?—none of us likes at all at all to be calling a stranger that way the young lady; and to have her coming about with him, too proud, no doubt, to look in our faces, and sending out her money with a servant to us, like beggars; and building the beautiful old castle with her new fagaries; and dashing off to look at Riversdale, to see the gardens, in that very coach, may be, and passing by the childer like dirt, with her fine English coachman; au! it's long before she'd find out their names, and have them as pat as if they were her own, like you, Miss Nugent, and my sweet young lord; for that's what he is, whatever come to him. Ah! then isn't it hard for us to like the thoughts of them days?”

Poor Mrs. O'Beirne, in her regret for losing Emily, had worked herself into the full conviction, that her successor must be proud and unfeeling; the very servants she represented to herself as beings of a species totally different from those who would have formed the household of Emily; and all Emily's persuasions to the contrary only confirmed her in her opinion more and more, in proportion as they interested her feelings for her who "had the sweetness and goodness to take the part of them that didn't deserve it from her."

"But I assure you," said Emily, earnestly, "that you have quite mistaken her character; you will find her as mild, as gentle, as charitable, as anxious for your affection, as the ladies Fitzmaurice."

"May be so, Miss, of course, if you say it," answered Mrs. O'Beirne, sighing; "but, oh, Miss Nugent!" she added, bursting into tears, "isn't it fit to break any body's heart, to see her there, and you gone off into foreign parts to die? and

I'm sure I'd rather that same, than to see her cocked up in the castle, receiving you for a visitor in your own house that was to be; but you'll come back with a lord as good as him. Well, well, I thought once there wasn't his like in the varsal world."

A glow of mingled feelings crimsoned the cheek of Emily; the sense of wounded pride combined with the softer emotions excited by the grateful tenderness of Mrs. O'Beirne to overpower her weakened spirits, and, leaning her face on her hands, she wept abundantly. When a little recovered, she said—"You have indeed been kind to me—I feel your affection; let me hear constantly of your welfare; and if I should never return again, believe me I shall never—never forget the gratitude I owe you all."

"Gratitude! Oh, Miss Nugent! is it you that owe gratitude to them, that wouldn't have gratitude enough to you, if they were to crawl on their knees to kiss the ground you walk upon—you that was

all and every thing to us! Never return again! Oh, Miss Nugent, my angel! you that was always comforting us, don't go to break our hearts with that word!"

Emily arose.—"I shall see you to-morrow," she said; "but when the family come down, remember to tell lady Elizabeth and lady Olivia that I shall hope to hear from them immediately."

"And is there nothing for the old lady, my dear, that doted on you more than any of them?"

"Oh, give the message to all the ladies!" said Emily. Then, after a thoughtful pause, she added, "and give my love to lady Clanalvon."

"Not the new one, I hope!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Beirne.

"No, the elder; and now farewell! But I shall see you to-morrow," said Emily, feeling herself unequal to the parting, and leaving the cottage as rapidly as her feeble limbs would permit, while large tear-drops chased each other down her pallid cheeks.

One of the many emotions which agitated her breast from this conversation, was the fear that Cecilia would not be loved—that her memory would be made painful to Clanalvon—and that they would not be happy. A strong presentiment took possession of her mind, that she would not live to return to Ireland; and, in the Christian spirit of full forgiveness, fearing the effect of Cecilia's excessive sensibility, should she ever discover how much she had injured her, and fancy that she had left the world at enmity with her, and also in a tender precaution for the present peace of Clanalvon, which she knew would be deeply wounded if Cecilia harboured any bitterness or irritation against her, she left for her the following note:—

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“ I hope it is needless to assure my ever dear friend, how anxiously and affectionately I feel interested in her happiness.” Believe me, my dearest Cecilia,

that though now separated, perhaps for ever, it is impossible for me ever to forget my early and strong attachment to you; and that wherever I may be, one of my truest pleasures must be to hear of your welfare. I am now recovering from a severe fit of illness, and am not strong enough for much writing; but wish to leave this as a proof, that in all circumstances you must be dear to me, and that I shall ever be your sincere and attached friend.

“EMILY NUGENT.”

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When Emily shewed this to Mrs. Nugent, she said she did not feel Cecilia worthy of so much affection.

“Oh, she does indeed deserve the tenderest affection!” replied Emily; “and now, my dearest aunt, it would be cruel in me not thus to prove it, for I grieve to say that his tenants are very unwilling to receive another than me as their lady; and indeed I wish to turn their kind hearts



towards her, and to let her feel that Cecilia, though his wife, is still dear to me. Oh, aunt! now she is his wife, ought I not to seek to make her happy, and, thro' her, to make him so?"

It was certainly painful to Emily, to think that the man who had for so long lived but in her, should now forget her existence; yet from her heart she wished that no recollection of her might ever break in on the peace she hoped he would enjoy with his wife: peace was all she hoped he could attain, and all, in fact, she could sincerely wish him, for it was not in the nature of things that she should wish him to feel himself as happy with another as he might have been with her; she wished him to think of her with tenderness and regret; but from the vehemence of his feelings, she feared he would carry these sentiments to an excess of anguish, of which her affection for him could not endure the idea, and against this she wished to take every possible precaution.

The carriages were to be ready at ten

o'clock, and Emily arose early, to take a last view of Riversdale. As she entered the gardens, every plant seemed to breathe the name of her lover; it was he who once gave life to the scene—it was he who now cast the hue of death over all which, though it met her eyes in beauty, went with anguish to her heart. In the bower, whose rich foliage floated on the summer breeze, Clanalvon had talked to her of future plans of happiness; there she now sunk down, overpowered by weakness and sorrow. Memory drew tears from her eyes at every step, as she moved towards the house.—“Farewell!” she softly exclaimed, as she entered; “scene of my happiest and most miserable feelings, farewell!” A foreboding seized her mind that she ought to add, “for ever.”

“Come, my darling child,” said Mrs. Nugent, as she met her, “let us leave this once-happy spot.” She felt it could only add to her sadness longer to delay, and supported her tottering steps to the carriage. It was surrounded by those of

Clanalvon's tenantry whose cottages bordered on Riversdale. All the women were in tears, some of them sobbing audibly, and many, even of the men, dashed away a tear from their rough cheeks; but the lamentations of all burst loudly forth, as Mrs. and Miss Nugent appeared.—“Och, you'll never see them again; there, look at them now—they're going off from us for ever; look at the mistress herself and Miss Nugent, sure they'll never come back, dear knows when,” said the mothers to their infants. The hands of the universally-beloved aunt and niece were kissed and pressed by all who lined the way.

“Ah! haven't you a word for poor Peggy, Miss,” said O'Beirne, “that couldn't come, but's like to break her heart at home, the creatur<sup>a</sup>?”

“Tell her,” replied Emily, almost inarticulately, “that I feel truly grateful for her affection; and give my blessing to my little godchild.”

“Heaven bless you, Miss! and it's she that'll be glad I sh<sup>e</sup>n the face of you once

more, Miss Nugent!" said O'Beirne, as he hastened away, ashamed of the tears which Emily's look and manner forced from his eyes.

It was long before the mournful crowd would allow the carriage to proceed, for each had some little word to say, and each endeavoured to catch the last word and look of their benefactresses; and when they did at length disperse, relating a thousand anecdotes of Mrs. Nugent's benevolence, and the captivating sweetness of her Emily, the poor men insisted on unharnessing the horses, and drawing them out of their own avenue at least, since the ladies would not permit them to go farther.

As they thus moved on in mournful procession, Emily raised her eyes to the lofty towers of Clonalvon Castle; and as she looked and sighed farewell, she sunk back overpowered in the carriage. Mrs. Nugent kindly, but peremptorily, desired that there should be no more delays, as she felt her niece unequal to the agitation; and they were just driving off, when a

servant of Mrs. Mansfield rode up, and put a letter into her hand.

Emily was for some time unable to read it; but when she was a little recovered, Mrs. Nugent advised her to do so, thinking it might amuse her.

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“ MY DEAR EMILY,

“ Mamma, Jane, and I, are so sorry that we only returned from town yesterday, and cannot see you and dear Mrs. Nugent before you go to England. Which do you intend going to, Bath or Cheltenham? Cheltenham is very gay at present. I am sorry, however, that you are going just when we are likely to have so much amusement here with the wedding-parties. I must tell you the news, which I believe you left Dublin too soon to hear—I mean the way Cecilia Hazlewood got lord Clanalvon, for *you* and I know she did not come fairly by him; though I am sure I do not care, and I dare say neither do you. It was at a con-

court; and, in her queer, affected way, she was so wrapped up in the music, she would not speak or look at any one, not even lord Clanalvon; and he was flirting with me, as he always did, you know, when she would let him, and then he asked me to come out on the staircase with him; and I am sure, by his dolorous looks, he had something *very serious* to say, only so many came after us, on account of the heat: it was the better for him, however, for if he had said what he was going to say, I would certainly have refused him; but I thought I might as well hear him; and as I was jesting with him, to put him off, he was so *diverted* with what I said, for I happened to be in great spirits that night, that he forgot he was standing at the top of the stairs, and trod back, and tumbled from the top to the bottom. I never was so frightened in my life, so I screamed out, and then he jumped up, and was just saying every thing to me, when an odious man, (I am

sure there were so many of them, I forgot which it was) dragged him into the drawing-room, laughing; and so I followed, to see what the fun was, and there was Cecilia running, and screaming, and pushing every body, you never saw any thing so droll, till she got at him, and asked him, was he alive? and put her arms round his neck, and fainted; and she looked so little and he so tall, and Mrs. Hastings so mad angry, trying to get her away from him, you would have died laughing if you had seen them; then when he went to put her into a sofa, she stuck to him worse than ever, and began to cry; and every one was laughing, and saying it was so indecent: so at last, to pacify her, he said he would marry her; but I thought it was only to prevent people laughing, until he made it good, and married her, as you have most likely heard from the girls.

“If the wedding had been as funny as the engagement, it would have been well

worth going to: but the drollest thing of all is, that I heard from those who saw them, that he is the most attentive husband in the world, and quite satisfied with her, just as if he had chosen her himself, instead of her making him take her; and that she is grown quite pretty, and seems to adore him. I cannot say he looks well; but when I attacked him about it, he said it was the heat of the weather: indeed I do not think he will live long. Lady Clanalvon (not Cecilia), of course, will have elegant entertainments here. I had almost left out the queerest thing of all. When we went to congratulate them, we found the girls, and lady Olivia began to cry, and looked as pale as a ghost, and lady Lizzy, looking as doleful as herself, tried to prevent her; and we hear lady Olivia refused to be bridesmaid, which vexed her mother greatly. Whatever their secret is, Robert Howard knows it, and I will get it out of him. You know I write to you as a friend. Mamma and Jane desire their



love; and, with best wishes for your pleasure in your trip to England, I am,

“ DEAR EMILY,

“ Yours very affectionately, .

“ MARIA MANSFIELD.”

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Giving the letter to her aunt, Emily leaned against the side of the carriage for a considerable time in silence; at length, without changing her posture, she said—  
 “ This action has not been entirely voluntary; he did not intend to make another choice so very soon; delicacy, honour, his ever-too-prompt good-nature, hurried him forward to shelter Cecilia from the ridicule to which her ungoverned feelings exposed her. The dear girls too——” She burst into tears, and, partly exhausted by the emotion she had endured—partly soothed by her present view of the subject, she continued under the languid dejection, rather than the poignant sense of suffering; but this calm was not long to last.

One evening, as they entered the town

of B——, where they purposed remaining the night, a retinue of carriages collected round the door of the hotel checked their progress.—“ You can draw up in a moment, ladies,” said a waiter, coming forward; “ or it is but a step to the door—my lord Clanalvon’s carriages will be off directly.”

“ Lord Clanalvon !” repeated Mrs. Nugent, in a low voice, while Emily, drawing her veil closely over her face, leaned back to conceal herself.

“ Yes, ma’am,” said the waiter, in answer to Mrs. Nugent’s exclamation; “ lord and lady Clanalvon, and the old lady Clanalvon, and the lady Fitzmaurices, have been here this four days; my lady was so fatigued travelling in the heat, ma’am, so they are going in the cool of the evening.”

While her aunt was listening to the man, Emily turned away her head, to avoid his eyes; and as her vacant glance turned on the opposite side, Clanalvon passed, but not the ardent, light-hearted,

animated Clanalvon of former days; the look of desolation which reigned in his pale features shocked her to the heart; he seemed too absorbed to perceive passing objects, and, without noticing it, passed the chariot.

“Where is lady Clanalvon?” she heard him say, in a voice, oh! so different from that in which he often had called upon her name!

“Here, my love,” said the soft voice of Cecilia.

Emily perceived that she was near, and yet more closely concealed her agitated countenance.

“Then all is ready,” said Clanalvon; “my mother and Olivia are in the barouche. Lizzy, love, you will come with us in the phaeton.”

Elizabeth answered in a low voice; Clanalvon handed her and Cecilia into the carriage, and the brilliant equipages drove off.

When they were past all danger of her being known, Mrs. Nugent looked back;

he was wrapping a shawl around his bride. Mrs. Nugent turned away her eyes, and a movement of anger agitated her breast.

Emily looked at her, but did not speak, and silently followed the waiter up stairs.

"This is the apartment his lordship's family occupied—it is the best," said the man, as he ushered them into a sitting-room, "and can be set to rights in a moment, ladies," he added, leaving them.

"My feelings have been tried—severely tried," said Emily, after a pause; "but now, thank Heaven! I am myself again. I am a weak, feeble creature; but I trust not in my own strength, and I shall bear all."

Mrs. Nugent thought that, as she raised her eyes to heaven, there was something celestial in her beauty.

The apartments had been recently occupied; some books lay on the table, and the writing-materials seemed to have been just used. The talkative waiter re-entered; Emily had unconsciously taken up a pen from the writing-desk by which she sat.

“Oh, Miss,” said the man, “the earl was just writing there. His lordship was copying something out of a book. I will put the things out of your way in an instant, ma’am;” and as he removed them, he continued, “such a generous gentleman as the earl seldom visits this town, or any other, I believe, ma’am. I never saw such a gentleman, and such a sweet young lady. Dear me! it is no wonder they should be so happy together; and by what I can understand, ma’am, there is no end to their riches. The tea will be with you in an instant, ladies,” and he left the room.

Emily raised her soft eyes.—“Oh, aunt,” she said, “I can never see them—I can never be their mutual friend, as once I fondly hoped; but, oh, this heart still weakly clings to the dear, fatal idea of past times. I dare not witness the felicity which, at a distance, I hope I may enjoy.”

At an early hour Emily retired to the chamber prepared for them; her aunt did not go up with her, fearing she might

enter into conversation; but Catherine Murphy awaited her there. Oh, Miss Nugent!" she exclaimed, "think of that dear good gentleman. They were telling it below stairs; even in his short stay here, it would surprise you all the good he has done. A poor smith, ma'am, that was ruined, he has set him up again, and given him ten guineas to begin with, and twenty other things like that. Oh, ma'am, were not you sorry to see him looking so bad?"

"I should grieve to hear he was ill, Catherine; but has he been so?"

Catherine approached her young mistress more closely, and, in a low voice, she said—"And, ma'am, whatever is the reason, I believe he is in great trouble."

Emily's cheek glowed with the brightness with which health had once painted it, as she turned an inquiring glance on the girl.

"The chambermaid, ma'am, the other night, went into his dressing-room to settle something, and he was sobbing like a

child, ready to go into fits, she told me, and some little paper, or something, she could not exactly see what, kissing it, and seeming like to break his heart; and when he saw her, ma'am, he started up quite wild, and put it into his breast; he said he thought the door was bolted; so then he asked for my lady, and by-and-by went down. Ah, Miss Nugent! is it not a pity now, such an angel of a young creature, as my mother used to say, with goodness written on his very face——”

“Leave me now, Catherine,” said Emily faintly.

Catherine went; but as she reached the door, she turned back, and blushing asked,—“And don't you think, ma'am, that he has settled all for my poor father and mother by this time?”

“I am certain he has, Catherine,” replied Emily, smiling kindly, though sadly; “believe me, I have not forgotten them.”

“Well, I will leave you now, ma'am,” said the girl; “and do try to sleep, Miss Nugent, dear.”

Emily promised she would try, but far was sleep from her heavy eyes; every mention of his name served to add some new pang to her feelings towards him. That the object of his tears and caresses was some relic of his love for her, was beyond all question; indeed, a doubt of it never occurred to her mind, for even when he deserted her, she felt, with a mixture of satisfaction and pain, that he still loved and esteemed her; but she had not known that his constancy of attachment would amount to a degree to make him wretched—and wretched she now saw he was. The hasty glance of his countenance had shewed her that all its life and brilliancy were extinguished; and Catherine's description of his agony, in hanging over what she believed a relic of her, filled her generous bosom with affliction, to which she could not apply the balm of patience, as she did to her own more individual sorrows.

A sleepless night followed this day of violent agitation; but she lay still and si-



lent, not to grieve her fond aunt by the idea that she was unwell; however, she anxiously requested that they might early recommence their journey, for feelings of agonizing tenderness, which she could not check, rose in her breast, as her eyes every where met the objects his had lately rested on. All her feelings were, without disguise, expressed to Mrs. Nugent, as they drove from the fatal spot which had excited them.

A new delay to their arrival in their peaceful dwelling, arose in the illness of Emily, which detained them several days on the road, after they had crossed the sea, and made part of the journey to Devonshire; but at length they reached the retired spot, where Mrs. Nugent hoped to find rest for both, and where Emily, with mournful pleasure, felt it probable she should sink to the calm repose of an eternal rest. Yet should she die, what could replace her to her beloved and ever-tender aunt? On this she would not suffer her mind to rest, when she felt her

health declining; but when recovery opened to her view, she thought on blessing the age of that beloved parent, and became reconciled to remain in a world where *joy* no longer lived for her; for though the poignancy of affliction was in some measure subdued by resignation, and her spirits became even and cheerful, the buoyant spring of youthful gaiety seemed broken for ever.

All of loveliness she had ever possessed remained in undiminished perfection, tho' much of the lustre which had surrounded that loveliness had lost its splendour; her looks and voice used to diffuse cheerfulness wherever she appeared; interesting, endearing softness was now their more peculiar character. The holy hope of eternal blessedness, which beamed on her perfect features—the soft lustre of her eyes—the pure, transparent snow of her cheek—the brilliant hectic glow which sometimes enlivened it—the delicacy of her form, combined to give her the appear-

ance of an inhabitant of that heaven where her thoughts already rested.

Blessings followed "her steps; and had she known Clanalvon happy, blessings might have again filled her own heart, by nature prone to happiness, and by resignation not impatient under the want of it. In the placid sweetness of her smile and manner, Mrs. Nugent fondly foresaw years of remaining comfort in her beloved child; but the shock she had received had deeply wounded her constitution; and though her physicians saw no decided symptoms of danger, they were far from considering her in a safe state.

Thus let us leave her, and return to her unhappy lover: vain it were to attempt to paint his feelings, on the dreadful day when he received the hand of Cecilia; he knew not himself how to name half the wild thoughts which thronged in desperate succession through his breast; but this was uppermost—Emily loved him not; she had deserted him; and the too-

fond, too-sensitive Cécilia had become the wife of one who did not love her. He dared not then think on the determinations he afterwards formed for her happiness; he endeavoured not to think of the future, and to the past he dared not to look back.

A few days sufficiently calmed his feelings to enable him to review the last action; but with this degree of calmness came an absolute despair of his own prospects—but one consolation remained to him—he resolved to be the only sufferer. The very consciousness that Cecilia's attachment was not returned, gave a peculiar tenderness to his manner towards her, and her bright smiles assured him that she was deceived. She was now caressed and happy, and a thousand charms and graces, unknown before, appeared to grow in the warm atmosphere of tenderness by which she was once more surrounded: but to Clanalvon's heart every attraction in his wife struck a new pang; it reminded him of the adored object of

his love—of her in forgetfulness of whom alone he could ever hope for happiness in another. Every moment brought the fair form of Emily, in fancy, before his eyes—on her his thoughts for ever turned—but never since his marriage had he heard or breathed her name.

It was on the memorable evening, at the hotel in B——, that this spell was broken, and that the transient bliss of Cecilia received its first check. His mother was occupied at a table near which he sat, lost in painful reverie on his return to Clanalvon Castle; but at length, fearing that his long silence would be observed, and perhaps give pain to his wife, he endeavoured to throw off his abstraction, and, with a forced effort at cheerfulness, asked his mother what was her employment? at the same time drawing from her hand the paper she was examining.

It was the design of an illuminated arch, formerly sketched for the preparations for his marriage with Emily, in the centre of which his name and hers were to

have been cyphered in coloured lamps—an erasure was now visible, on which the letter C. for Cecilia, was substituted for E.

He started, as if a serpent had stung him, sprung from his seat, regardless of Cecilia, whose head rested on his shoulder, tore the paper to atoms, and striking his forehead in agony, rushed from the room, and shut himself into that appointed for his dressing-room. His agony was great and incontrollable; all the feelings which he had so painfully struggled to conceal and to repress, overwhelmed him with all the force of novelty, and that peculiar sentiment of despair which attends on sorrows unrevealed and unpartaken; all the fond ideas which had attended the preparations, of which his mother had so imprudently revived the remembrance, took possession of his heart, and Emily appeared no longer as the betrothed wife who had forsaken him, for errors which partial love might have viewed with more indulgent eyes, but as the betrothed wife, such as she once was, smiling at the pros

pect of mutual happiness. He drew from his bosom the last letter he had received from her; he gazed on it—he pressed the precious characters, traced by her hand, to his lips—“ And oh, Cecilia!” he exclaimed, “ may I not preserve the relics of her love, of her coldness, almost equally dear, since both are equally relics of her? may I not once more read those lines which destroyed my every hope of happiness, without a breach of my faith and gratitude to you?”

He read; but, oh! how different now appeared every expression in the letter! He saw that he was beloved by Emily—that he had madly deceived himself, in following the blind impulse of jealous feeling, and that now perhaps every anguished emotion of his breast equally throbbed in hers.—“ But no,” he said, “ she can command her feelings—she can bend to the dictates of reason and duty, while I am only governed by that sickly unworthy sensibility; but duty does not—cannot call on me to forget her. No, Emi-

ly, first, best of human beings, in ceasing to adore thy sacred memory, I must forget the virtues which I caught from thee! But, holy creature! I will think on thee as a blissful vision, which once might have blessed me, and is now faded to its native skies."

Clanalvon had uttered these words almost aloud; and now floods of tears fell from his eyes, and wet the paper which he held. The spirit of Emily seemed near him; he felt as if at that moment she thought on him with pity.

It can hardly be accounted for, but it is certain, that where a separation has been occasioned by unfounded doubts of the affection of one of the parties, though it seems natural for reason to consider a discovery of the mistake, when too late for remedy, as an aggravation of the evil, yet love so fondly clings to the idea of return, that affliction is rather soothed than exasperated by it; thus it was with Clanalvon—his sorrow was increased, but it assumed a milder character; his tears flowed



more abundantly than before, but the convulsive sobs which shook his frame had ceased.

His mind at length reverted to the alarm which his abrupt behaviour must have occasioned his wife; he regarded her not as a cause of his misfortune, but as a suffering partner in it, for he sufficiently esteemed her worth, and admired her attractions, to feel that a heart, engrossed by another, was unworthy of hers, which he was sensible she had unreservedly bestowed on him; and he was endeavouring to recover his composure, in order to return to her, when he was surprised by the chambermaid, who afterwards related to Catherine Murphy what she had witnessed of his distress.

Entering the sitting-room, agitated by a thousand tumultuous feelings, he found Cecilia sleeping on a sofa, some traces of tears still visible on her face; and without speaking, he seated himself beside her. Her amazed inquiry, on his hasty departure, of "what was the matter?" was an-

swered only by a burst of tears from Olivia, who had caught a glimpse of the paper in her brother's hand.

Lady Clanalvon, with a groan between sorrow and impatience, gathered up the papers, and replaced them in the box from which she had taken them; and Elizabeth, after colouring crimson deep, returned to the window where she had been standing, and called on Cecilia to admire the beauty of the setting sun.

Cecilia burst into tears, saying they had some secret which was to be kept from her, and that she well knew Clanalvon loved both his mother and sisters more than her. The assurances of lady Clanalvon and her daughters, that she was very dear to him, were unavailing; she lay down on the sofa, and throwing her head on Elizabeth's bosom, she wept herself to sleep; time therefore passed unconsciously to her, or his continued absence would have given her much more cause for sorrow; and when she awakened, and found him leaning over her, she smiled again,

and, soon closed her memory against this interruption of her fairy dream of bliss. The deep dejection of his pale countenance however gave her fresh anxiety.—“My love,” she said, “let us go on to our delightful home. You do not look well, dearest!”

He did not answer. It must be done sooner or later, and he might as well go now as at any future period, since his feelings towards Emily could never change.

“Let us go,” she continued, smiling, “and there enjoy the delicious calm of domestic happiness—our only care to win on the affections of the poor around, and to relieve their wants—Thomson’s sweet description realized. Oh, what magic perfection of happiness I have fancied there!”

“And you, my sweet Cecilia, will be so beloved!” exclaimed lady Clanalvon; “they are a grateful, simple, unsophisticated people, who can only love true worth and gentleness. I do fondly wish for the time when I shall see my sweet Cecilia the idol of all around her—her soft voice

pouring balm into the breast of affliction."

Clanalvon and Olivia both started at the description; while Elizabeth cast a cautionary and beseeching glance at each, to check the farther expression of a feeling in which she too deeply participated, not to be awake to every indication of it in others.

"If your fatigue is quite past, my love, we can go on to-morrow," said Clanalvon, in a suffocated voice, and left the room.

Elizabeth saw, with deep concern, the probability that the consolation which her brother might derive from seeing Cecilia made happy by his means, must be destroyed by the sudden bursts of agony, of which she must, sooner or later, discover the true cause. This danger lady Clanalvon was, inadvertently, perpetually increasing; grateful to Cecilia for her devoted attachment to Clanalvon, her vanity flattered by the conspicuous display she had made of it, she doted on, and admired her with enthusiasm; and piqued

that Emily should have been led, even by the 'purest motives of honour and delicacy,' to hurt the feelings of her idolized boy, irritated by Olivia's prejudice against her who had, in some measure, wounded both for his sake, and fearful lest the remembrance of Emily's very superior attractions should render him unhappy, she endeavoured to hold up Cecilia, and in her perpetual praises of her, frequently touched on the very points in which Emily peculiarly excelled, thus awakening the very feelings she sought to obliterate. In her contemplations too of Cecilia's reception at Clanalvon Castle, she often touched on the same ideas that had been presented for that of Emily.

It may be generally observed, that in almost all the concerns of human life, the interference of temper tends to produce the very evils the apprehension of which had excited its irritation.

As Mrs. Nugent's chariot was covered in its travelling-case, it was not recognized by any of the Clanalvon party; and the

servant who rode with it, with an instinctive feeling of delicacy on behalf of his young lady, placed himself on the other side; ~~to~~ to conceal his livery from observation.

The next day they were to reach Clanalvon Castle, and for the first few miles fresh smiles beamed at every moment on the animated countenance of the young countess of Clanalvon; but when she found that those bright smiles were not answered, in the joyless, agitated eyes of her adored husband, they faded from her own.—“ You are not well,” she fondly said; “ you are not well. Oh, let us not go farther! You are fatigued, my beloved; you look very—very ill.”

Clanalvon consented; well he felt that his feelings could not be alleviated by the passage of time; yet gladly did he seize his wife’s proposal to delay, for one day, the sight of the residence endeared to him by so many now-agonizing remembrances. But ten miles separated him from it. Oh, how a few months before he would have

flown over those miles to catch the first glance of her whose bright eyes smiled no more for him ! but now he trembled at the idea of reaching those scenes of his lost happiness. Morning however came, and determined him to proceed, for he felt, that if he longer delayed their arrival at the home she longed to attain, Cecilia must suspect the sad truth.

In bright descriptions from the mother, of the day when she came a blushing bride to Clanalvon Castle, and in expectations of the joy and honour with which the present fair countess would be received, the time in the carriage was spent, while Cecilia eagerly listened, and turned to inspire with her own delight the mind of her lord.

He did force a smile. At this moment every thought but those of his wife must be dispersed, or at once the bright vision of happiness, formed by her warm enthusiastic fancy, must have died before the wild and dreadful agony which would have overpowered him, had he not, with

the strongest, and most violent exertions, restrained his feelings.

A servant had gone, on the preceding evening, to announce the arrival of their lord and lady, and invite an assembly of the principal tenants in the great hall; and, as they drove up the finely-wooded avenue, Cecilia smiled to see them collected to receive her in front of the magnificent and ancient castle. No customary shout of joy saluted the carriage as it stopped, though, when Clanalvon alighted, there was a general burst of—"Heaven bless him!" and all pressed forward, anxious to gaze on him more nearly. He then led forward his bride, and the blessings and welcomes were evidently rather those of etiquette than the spontaneous effusions of the heart.

Clanalvon felt this too, and, happily for them both, that good-nature which, though sometimes weakly misled, was of the purest and noblest species, for a moment turned his thoughts from every other feel-



ing to those of pity and tenderness on her behalf. These sentiments were painfully increased, as he heard the acclamations with which his mother and sisters were hailed.

As they passed through the hall, the bows and curtsies of the servants, and those of the tenantry assembled there, confirmed the impression made on her mind the moment she quitted the carriage, that the people of Clanalvon were sorry their young lord was married; and this she remarked to him as they entered the sitting-room—"I suppose," she added, "it is because your mother and sisters are so much loved."

Another idea had glanced through her mind, but she instantly banished it, to catch at that less painful which she expressed.

The exclamation of—"Och, she's no more like her!" which had more than once met her ear, as she passed through the hall, might bear either interpretation. So keenly had it stung her, that while she

went and sobbed in her dressing-room with her mother-in-law and Elizabeth, she never mentioned it. The only comfort they could offer was the assurance that she had mistaken for dislike to her the distance natural to a stranger.—“ But when you return from town next summer, my Cecilia,” said lady Clanalvon, “ you will find with what rapture you will be received.”

The moment they had left the room to disencumber Cecilia of her travelling-dress, the long-restrained tears of Olivia burst forth; her brother caught the infection, and the free vent he then gave to the anguish of his heart, enabled him to get through the evening with more composure than his sisters had expected; and Cecilia, who tenaciously clung to the visions of joy she had fabricated, tried to attribute his dejection to vexation for the annoyance she had sustained.

Elizabeth, saying she was too much fatigued for conversation, engaged ~~him~~ in chess, while she desired Cecilia to try if

she liked the musical instruments in the apartment.

She however left it to Olivia to touch them, while she leaned silently over her, sighing that she had cause to sigh, now she was within the magic circle of her long-desired home.

The thoughts of Elizabeth and Olivia were principally occupied in considering how the Nugents would receive the visit which they had agreed to make them before Cecilia's hour of rising. Clanalvon remembered the last evening Emily had spent in the room where they sat, and the last time she had sung to the harp over which Cecilia now hung; and his mother smiled in the prospect of happiness, which she acknowledged to herself was not yet arrived.

At an early hour the following morning, the sisters set out on their walk to Riversdale. Autumn had now commenced, and the fresh breeze which shook the branches brought down showers of dying leaves.

"It was just this time twelvemonth, Lizzy," said Olivia, "that Clanalvon got that dreadful fall. I remember, just so these trees dropped their leaves when Emily and I used to walk here talking of him."

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "it was that fatal time which formed those engagements we once thought so happy."

"I do not—cannot love Cecilia," said Olivia; "I never see her without thinking of the injury she has done my brother and Emily. Lizzy, say what you will, she has acted ill and ungenerously by her."

"No," said Elizabeth, "Cecilia is very weak, and suffers herself, like Clanalvon, to be governed by the impulse of the moment; she first found a pleasure in his society, which she would not deny herself; that pleasure grew into attachment—an attachment she could not conquer; but she never voluntarily betrayed it, nor ever wished, I am convinced, to rival Emily; and when he proposed for her,

she can scarcely be blamed for accepting him."

"Oh, no!" said Olivia; "but still I do dislike her; I feel of her what Charles once said of some other person—that she has only the beauty of sensibility—a selfish kind of refinement. Now, Lizzy, is she not always thinking of herself and her feelings?"

"You are unjust, Olivia," answered her sister; "it is not long since you were the most ardent advocate of this extreme sensibility; and I fear it is Cecilia rather than Cecilia's faults you dislike; for you never blamed the same kind of errors in Clanalvon—his natural superiority prevented their having an equally-injurious effect on him, but still they existed, and deserved equal blame. I speak of them as past, for never did I see more praiseworthy self-command than he has shewn on this unhappy journey, and more unhappy arrival."

"But when I was such an admirer of,

this sort of sensibility," said Olivia, " I had not seen the contrast between Emily and Cecilia. Cecilia's sensibility ever turns on herself; Emily's makes her feel more quickly for every one, and gives her a true perception of justice in every case, but does not govern her."

Elizabeth replied—" Sensibility is not a governing power—indeed it can hardly be considered in any light a power or faculty of the mind—it is but a quickness of susceptibility. When it gives life and energy to the feelings, in the practice of all that principle, in the coolest hours of reflection, could dictate, it forms an Emily Nugent; when it quickens feelings too much inclined to look towards self, it forms a Cecilia, soft and endearing, but incapable of self-denial; when it hurries the feelings on to follow the first impulse, without adverting to the eternal rule of right, or pausing to weigh consequences, it forms a Clanalvon, frank, generous, noble-minded, but unstable, ever losing sight of distant objects in that which more

immediately presses on his feelings. He has sacrificed Emily to his perception of Cecilia's partiality for him; I do not mean in the final instance, but in the attentions which raised her love to such enthusiasm; and now, with every generous effort to the contrary, I fear he is in danger of sacrificing Cecilia to his sense of that wrong. Thus you see no one can have too much sensibility or quickness of feeling—it is only that with some it is ill-turned."

Olivia's countenance brightened, and in an animated voice she exclaimed—"Oh, Lizzy, I perfectly understand you; and surely then, where sensibility has once been ill-directed — directed towards the wild pursuit of pleasure, may not the character, enlivened by its influence, when its faults are checked by principle, be very—very superior to those whose slower feelings have never led them either to error or repentance?"

"Certainly," replied Elizabeth, smiling, as she regarded the delighted countenance

of her sister; “ certainly, the more animated character must be more animated in virtue as well as in error; but this strong energy in pursuit of its object, whatever that object be (such a character, in short, Olivia, as Robert Howard’s), if ill-directed, will be more wicked; if well-directed, more useful and more virtuous than——” She paused for an example.

“ Than that of his quiet sister,” added Olivia, laughing, “ who is as good and as stupid as any one can be.”

“ But where there is a deficiency of principle, there is reason to fear that sensibility will never be well directed,” said Elizabeth.

“ But if he should acquire steady principle?” exclaimed Olivia, earnestly.

“ If he should,” replied her sister, seriously, “ he will become worthy of Olivia. But remember, my sweet love, it is but an if.”

“ But as to Cecilia,” said Olivia, after a pause — “ surely, Lizzy, you would not



either have me so far forget Emily as to love her as much as if she had not forced herself into her place, or else act a double part, by appearing fonder of her than I really am?"

"Not precisely either," Lizzy answered; "she acted very blameably, and you cannot love her as if she had become connected with us in a manner you fully approved; but you should not forget, that by that connexion she has placed much of her happiness in our hands; and though we did not seek the trust, we ought not to abuse it. It is also hardly possible for us to divest ourselves of some little degree of disinclination towards a person who has occasioned so much unhappiness; but that disinclination ought not to be suffered to grow into injustice, by influencing our judgment against her actions and temper; on the contrary, it ought to lead us to judge her indulgently, under the apprehension that we are liable to do otherwise. As ~~to~~ acting a double part, in seeming to

love her, consider, dearest Olivia, how much of affliction seems suspended over a creature so delicate, so susceptible, and your kind heart will find no duplicity in shewing her the utmost tenderness and sisterly regard."

As she spoke they reached the gate of Riversdale, and lady Elizabeth called the name of the gatekeeper.

She admitted them with great joy, requesting them to walk into her little cottage.

"When we are coming back, we shall be glad to do so," said Olivia; "but we have not seen the ladies for some months."

"The ladies!" repeated the woman; "then you don't know, ma'am, that our ladies are gone?"

"No—where?" asked both sisters.

"Into Devonshire, wherever that is, my lady, for Miss Nugent's health. Oh, ladies! I thought you were bringing some news of them."

"We did not know they were gone,"

exclaimed Olivia. "How could Emily so neglect us?"

"Bless you, my 'lady!" replied the gatekeeper, "it was many a long day since Miss Emily could sit down to write. Sure, my lady, it was only the very day afore she went, she was able to crawl down as far as O'Beirne's, ready to faint, you'd think, at every step, and that isn't a stone's throw, a body may say, if you go by the white gate there among the trees; and O'Beirne's people was always great favourites with her, you know, lady Elizabeth. Didn't she stand for little Fanny there?"

"And she was ill?"

"Ill, my lady! it's well we ever got a sight of her till she was in her grave. A cold, I believe she got, coming down from Dublin; and the mistress herself—bless you, ma'am! she never looked no better nor a ghost, after Miss Nugent's sickness."

"How were they when they went?" inquired Elizabeth, anxiously.

“ Oh, ma’am, I don’t know rightly what to say—she did not look like herself at all, but prettier, my sweet angel, I thought, than e’er she looked afore; but pale, ma’am, and fit to break a body’s heart just to look at her—she that used to look so pleasant and so happy now, just like lady Olivia. Oh, ladies! it’s a hard case to have had her, and to lose them now.”

“ Was her state dangerous?” asked Elizabeth, in a low voice, as if afraid of the answer to her question.

“ Ah! how should I know, my lady? is it a poor ignorant creature like me, that wouldn’t know if one of my own childer was dying, but as the mistress and that darlint child would tell me?”

“ What part of Devonshire are they in?” asked Olivia.

The woman gave her the paper on which Mrs. Nugent had written their address.

As the sisters left the cottage, every object, before almost unnoticed, recalled, with

painful tenderness, the dear inhabitants of Riversdale. It was the hand of Emily, assisted by Clanalvön, had trained the roses and woodbine which now grew in wild luxuriance around the cottage; it was the benevolence of Mrs. Nugent and her niece had raised the cottage for its present occupants; it was the taste of Emily had directed the plantation which surrounded the domain; it was there she had waved a laughing farewell when they last went to town, where she was immediately to follow them. She still, in the fond deceit of memory, seemed to give life, by her smile, to the shades of the once-joyous Riversdale. But she was gone—gone, dying and unhappy! those smiles were faded, perhaps for ever—that hand perhaps lay now cold in the grave!

The sisters continued their walk homewards for some time in silence; but they seemed, by tacit agreement, to hasten from the scene of so much past pleasure.

When they arrived within sight of the castle, Olivia, turning to her sister, said—

"*Now*, Lizzý, can you blame me if I hate Cecilia, instead of merely disliking her?"

"You would now be more blameable than before," replied Elizabeth. "Grieved to the heart as we must both be for our darling Emily, must we not feel for the almost-certain misery this will cause between poor Clanalvon and his wife? his feelings will, I fear, betray themselves; and, for pity's sake, Olivia, love, do not, by betraying yours, increase Cecilia's misery, and consequently his! Let us try, by our tenderness, to draw her attention from him; let us gently break it to him, and mention it to Cecilia when he is not present."

"Poor unhappy Cecilia!" exclaimed Olivia; "I do pity her: but she has not yet discovered that he loves Emily instead of her; and I will try not to increase his agitation by shewing what I must feel."

"Do try, for poor Cecilia's sake, and yet more for that of our precious Clanalvon," said Elizabeth, as they entered the castle hall.

They endeavoured, on entering the breakfast-parlour, to speak cheerfully of the fineness of the day; but Clanalvon, who suspected where they had been, cast a hasty and agitated glance towards them, not unperceived by Cecilia, who, starting up, asked eagerly what was the matter?

"Nothing, my love," answered lady Clanalvon, "but that they have walked too far—they both look fatigued."

"Yes, there is something," exclaimed Clanalvon, "Olivia looks so agitated, and Lizzy so pale. You have heard something?"

"Nothing of any consequence," said Elizabeth, with as much calmness as she could command; "only we were both disappointed to find that the Nugents have, at least for a time, left Riversdale."

Clanalvon returned to the table, and stooped over a newspaper.

Cecilia followed him.—"I am very, very sorry," she said, "to find that the Nugents are not here. I had hoped con-

stantly to enjoy the delightful society of my darling Emily."

"Miss Nugent is a general favourite, I believe," said Clanalvon, with a strong effort to suppress his emotion.

"Indeed she must be the favourite of all who know her," exclaimed Cecilia, energetically; "there is a magic captivation in her manner, a loveliness in her perfect form and face. She never returned my ardent affection. But you look ill, my love. Oh, you have got that nasty headache again." she added, fondly kissing his burning forehead.

"I have indeed, but the air will recover me," he answered; "thank you, sweet Cecilia, for your watchful anxiety;" and kindly pressing her hand, he was leaving her, but she stopped him, by saying—"I will go with you—you promised to take me over the place to-day. Olivia, love, will you come with us?"

"No, thank you, Cecilia," said Olivia, with the coldness usual to her manner towards her sister-in-law; but recollecting



the affliction which probably awaited her, she added, in a kind tone—"or yes, if you like it, I shall be very glad."

"But no, Cecilia, my love," said Clanalvon, "you are too delicate to walk before breakfast—I will walk with you afterwards."

"He seems far from well," observed Cecilia, when he was gone. "Were his spirits always so uneven?"

"Oh, no," cried lady Clanalvon, always unguarded when her vanity, either for herself or her children, was touched, "he was the very child of joy—we were the happiest family on earth—all animation and innocent vivacity—his very smile, his joyful voice, banished sorrow and vexation from every heart; but this morning," she added, recollecting herself, "he has a headache; and you should not fear, my love, for his general spirits."

"He is never gay or animated now," said Cecilia; "and those constant headaches!—I am sure he is very ill."

Clanalvon returned to breakfast; but

his appearance was far from removing his wife's anxiety. He had endeavoured to stifle the feelings he could not overcome; but thinking of Emily, it was impossible to cease to lament her.

Cecilia, with his mother, accompanied him over the grounds, and in animated terms expressed her admiration of the taste with which they were laid out.

When she had returned to the castle, Clanalvon, wishing to avoid the conversation there, continued his walk. As he passed near the pretty cottage of Mrs. O'Beirne, he saw her standing at the door, and approached to speak to her.

"Will you please to step in, my lord?" said the young woman, curtseying, and tears filling her eyes, partly drawn by his altered looks, and partly by the recollections connected with him.

Shaking hands with her and her children, he entered the cottage; but remembering the last time he had been there with Emily, he could not speak.

Mrs. O'Beirne was also silent, but at

length she said—"Ah, then, my lord, did you hear any thing since from Mrs. Nugent, yourself or the ladies?"

"No — no," replied Clanalvon, in a smothered voice.

"Indeed! then it would be a glad word to hear how she's going on at all," said Mrs. O'Beirne. "My own heart beats every new person I see, thinking they'll be bringing me some news—that she's gone for ever, or that maybe she's getting quite well again, and coming home. I declare, my lord, myself doesn't know what I'm like, when I think o' the last time I seen that child."

"Gone for ever! How—what do you mean?" exclaimed Clanalvon.

"Oh, true for you!" replied Mrs. O'Beirne, "no one can tell how things may turn out; but anyhow, them that seen her goen off couldn't expect to see her returning back again; and they tell me, my lord, she was worse again the day she left it; for it was the day afore that I seen her—she walked down, my blessed angel, (and maybe that's

what she is in heaven this day, and sees and hears every word we're speaking here), she walked down to see me every step o' the way." Mrs. O'Beirne paused for a reply, but receiving none, save from the upraised eyes of her auditor, she continued her story—"Here was I, my lord, sitting over by the fire there, and one of the childer sleeping on my lap—well, it was a dreadful hot day; indeed I was thinking of past times, and how things was altered, and thinking of herself and her aunt, and her sickness, and all. Mrs. Nugent never held up her head, or looked natural at all at all after that sickness; and thinking this way, and rocking the child betimes on my knee, when little Peggy there she was standing at the door, she cries out—"Oh, mother," says she, 'who do you think is coming but Miss Emly herself?'—"Ah, don't be telling lies, child!" says I, not thinking but it was in fun she said it. But I got up, and true for her, there she was. But, dear me, will I ever forget the sight I got of her that day, all trembling

like a leaf, and her feet just failing under her, and the sweet delicate colour, like a rose, she'd get when she'd be moved any way, you know, my lord? and moved enough my angel was that day, sure enough—all gone—sorrow difference between the cheek and the forehead. Well, in she came, like to faint, and she fell down in that very spot where you're sitting; and says she—Oh! I can't tell you all she said. I'd never remember half the elegant words that was in it; but I know she was praising the young countess, and bidding me to love her, and making out as if she was just such another as herself, and her friend, and twenty things; anyhow her cheeks got as rosy, and her eyes as alive, in a minute. But never will I forget the sweet pitiful smile of her—many a day after she went, I used to be thinking of it night and day—the sorrowful look of her. Well, I b'lieve no one could ever have a bad thought in their head when they were afore her. Now she looks so sweet, and

so quiet somehow, a body'd be ashamed now like, as if one was in the chapel. So that was the last time I ever seen my angel, or ever expect to do again."

Clanalvon had not even recollection to wish to control or conceal his frantic agony.—"What was her illness?" he at length inquired.

"Sorrow know, know I," replied Mrs. O'Beirne. "Oh! a cold I suppose she got; for I'm sure it's not for the likes of me to be meddling with gentlemen's and ladies' concerns, let alone noblemen. At any rate, you don't look the better of it yourself, the more's the pity; but she looked like one that wasn't long for this world—and a sorrowful world it is, and not fit for her, at least as she found it, to say the honest truth, my lord. Oh! it was nothing but a cold she got, I suppose. I'm not the person to know; there are others that could tell me, I don't doubt; anyhow, it was a pitiful sight to see that beautiful, lovely creature just sinking into

her grave, as if she had the cares of fifty on her."

Clanalvon's breast heaved with convulsive sobs.

Mrs. O'Beirne looked surprised; and no wonder for her, as she afterwards told her husband, to see him taking on so, after leaving her, and going to another that way.—"I beg your pardon, my lord," she said; "I'm sorry I told you. But how could I think? Anyhow, it is enough to make any one cry, to see such a young creature as that was, looking the very moral of a corp; sure, it would touch the heart of a Turk to remember what a chearful smiling creature she was; and for that matter yourself too. Well, what must be must be. Isn't it queer, my lord, the way what's pleasantest one time goes to one's heart another?"

Clanalvon waved his head.—"Indeed—indeed it is."

"Ah, then, my lord," continued Mrs. O'Beirne, "do you remember the day she

stood for little Fanny, and the child in her beautiful white arms, and you standing by her—and the sweet, serious look of her at the minister—and her pretty brown hair? ah, my lord, haven't you her before your eyes, standing over there?"

Alas! the fair form was seldom absent from his mind, and well he remembered the peculiar delight with which he had regarded it that day. He had drawn Emily's godchild towards him, and his tears fell on her head, when the door opened, and Cecilia entered.

The cottage of Mrs. O'Beirne so much resembled the idea of a poetic cottage, that the romantic fancy of Cecilia was so captivated with it, as to prevent her at first observing the agonized emotion of her husband; withdrawing, as if to look at something in a part of the cottage more shaded from the light, he said—"My dear Cecilia, I must recommend to your particular regard the family of one of our worthiest tenants."



A kind smile illumined the countenance of the young countess of Clanalvon, as she gave her hand to the mother, and stooped to kiss the baby.

“Get out of my lady’s way: how dare you come near my lady?” said Mrs. O’Beirne to the children, who had rested in peace while only their lord was present. “Look up, Fanny, and thank her ladyship for her goodness. Would your ladyship condescend to take a seat?” she added, seeming afraid to offer one.

Cecilia admired the beauty of the children, the clear turf fire, and the neatness of the little room.

“Yes, my lady,” answered the mother, “much obliged to your ladyship: and it’s to my lord there, and to one far away, we owe it that we’ve a bit to put in their mouths.”

Cecilia turned a pleased glance on her husband, and stooping over the child, who was gazing at her watch, she inquired its name.

“She’s called Fanny Emily, my lady,

after Mrs. Nugent, and Miss Nugent, that's her godmother, my lady," replied the mother.

"And you call her Emily?" said Cecilia. "I love the name, for the sake of the universally-beloved Miss Nugent."

The mother answered, that they generally called her Fanny, and Cecilia continued.--"All the people here seem in comfortable circumstances; I believe all the men are well employed?"

"Yes, indeed, my lady, and the women too," said Mrs. O'Beirne; "they haven't had a day's pleasure this year but one, that the steward gave them out of respect; and a sorrowful day that was, my lady, to all the country round."

Cecilia inquired—"Why?"

"Why, my lady, the only day they had at all was the day that they went, all of us, in a body to Riversdale, there to see the ladies off, and to see the last of them, and the men to draw the carriage away; sure they wanted to draw them out of the county,

that's two Irish miles, changing from one to another, my lady; but the ladies wouldn't let them at all at all go so far; so they only drew the carriage to the end of the avenue. There wasn't a dry eye for miles about. Myself I couldn't go, for I thought I'd only drop down on the spot, and be making her cry. But they tell me she sobbed like a child, and the mistress the same; and no wonder, for they were downright idolized. Indeed, my lady, it was a sore sight to see the great strong men, the tears rolling down their cheeks like rain; but there was something so sweet in the ladies, ma'am, they could not help but cry; and sure enough it was more like a funeral than any thing else. I beg your pardon, my lady, for running on so; but when any of us gets to talk of them, there's no end to our tongue."

"I am glad," said Cecilia, "to see so kind a spirit, since I hope in time to gain an interest in it."

This observation was answered only by

a curtsey, and—"Humbly thank your ladyship."

Cecilia felt hurt and mortified; her object was rather to be loved and admired as herself than as her ladyship; her husband too was silent, or wholly engaged with the child, and took no pains to conciliate towards her the affection of this favourite tenant.

The feelings of Clanalvon, as he walked home, were equally those of the bitterest grief and most poignant self-reproach: his Emily dying, had it been of casual illness, in the midst of happiness, was in itself sufficient to overwhelm him with affliction; but that she should die heart-broken, from the effects of that attachment which might have rendered him the happiest of men!—there was frenzy in the thought. In the wild despair of his feelings, he felt as if tenderness towards his wife was an insult to her memory; and wholly absorbed in his own feelings, which, however, he had now acquired the habit of in

some measure concealing, he suffered her to walk unheeded by his side.

For some moments she continued to speak of the objects of rural peace and felicity which had charmed her fancy; but then observing the agony which shook his frame—recollecting his abstraction in the cottage, and perceiving the marks of recent bitter weeping on his countenance, she became silent and thoughtful. She knew that he had once been engaged to Emily, but had imagined that when her coldness to him led her to break the engagement, that his attachment, which she fancied had proceeded rather from esteem and the habit of affection than from natural union of heart, had vanished; but now a dreadful pang of jealousy seized her feelings, and a truth rushed on her mind, which disabled her from questioning him on the subject of his emotion. She entered Clanalvon Castle, trembling and almost fainting; but her husband, wrapped in his own dreadful reflections, perceived it not,

and when he had left her at home, he again hastened into the grounds.

Cecilia attempted to reach her own apartment, but her trembling limbs refused to carry her there, and lifeless, motionless, she sunk on the stairs.

At the moment, Olivia, passing to the drawing-room, saw her, and her shriek called her mother and sister to Cecilia's aid; she was carried to her own room, and at length their care and tenderness restored her to her senses.—“ Fly to your brother, Olivia; do not let him be alarmed,” cried lady Clanalvon, the moment Cecilia unclosed her languid eyes.

Olivia hastened to seek him. His frenzied air, and the tears which still wet his cheek, proved to her that fatigue alone had not caused the illness of Cecilia. Unnoticed by him, she approached, and called his name; but putting her hand into his, she said—“ Dearest Clanalvon, do not be frightened, but poor Cecilia has been very ill; she has over-fatigued herself, mamma supposes.”

He turned his eyes on her face, as if he did not understand her.

"Come in," added she; "Cecilia will think you very unkind if you do not go to her. She is better now; but indeed she was very, very ill, Clanalvon."

"Cecilia ill! My wife ill!" exclaimed Clanalvon.

"Yes, very ill. She fainted on the stairs; but she is better," said Olivia, drawing him homeward as she spoke.

"Am I not a second Cain?" he said. "Olivia, I have sent Emily Nugent dying from her home; and now poor Cecilia! Oh, my Olivia, am I not unworthy of the breath I draw? But she loves me. Yes, Olivia, I will go to her; she still thinks herself happy—she may still be saved; but Emily, she too loved me, Olivia, and——But Cecilia is my wife, and I forbear."

They reached the castle, and he instantly flew to the apartment of his wife. Cecilia was recovered, but her mental agitation was still visible on her face. He

embraced her, and employed every endearment of his manner to again deceive her; deception was now his duty, and Cecilia soon smiled again under its influence; but she could only smile—could only be happy, in forgetting the yet-unaccounted-for scene in the cottage; every incident which recalled it to her memory clouded her expressive countenance, and it was enough present to her mind to make her dread, in his presence, every allusion to Emily, whose note to her she carefully concealed.

They had not heard from Charles Montague since the letter which announced his having attained to within two days of the end of his journey. A few days after their arrival at Clanalvon Castle, as the brother and sisters were walking in the shrubbery, they turned at the sound of a man's footsteps. It was Charles, the dear Charles, who clasped Elizabeth to his breast, and seemed unable at once to express his transport at sight of her and of



his other cousins. He desired to come to his aunt.

“ Oh, no, Charles!” exclaimed Olivia, who felt as if joy could not enter Clanalvon Castle, since another than Emily had become its mistress.

Lizzy and her brother seconded her request, wishing, before he met their mother and Cecilia, to give him the information which they feared their letters had failed of conveying, as, by his prompt return, it was probable he had missed them.

He answered their inquiries respecting himself, by informing them that his uncle had died before he reached Petersburg, leaving a will, by which he bequeathed to him the whole of his very large property, part of which consisted in an estate in Ireland, purchased for him by his agent, in the intention of consigning it to Charles, in case he should prove enough of natural affection towards him to induce him to accept his invitation to Russia. Charles concluded by saying, affectionately—

“ Dear Clanalvon need not now be afraid of his debts, but must receive the hand of Emily Nugent the same day I receive my Lizzy’s.”

Clanalvon was in an instant almost out of sight.

“ Tell him all, Olivia,” said Elizabeth, springing from the encircling arm of Charles, to follow her brother.

“ What is all this, Olivia? Is Emily dead?” exclaimed Charles.

“ Not dead, but dying,” replied she; “ dying in England; and Clanalvon—— You did not receive our letters?”

“ I did not receive any letters,” said Charles; “ but it is impossible that he is married.”

“ He is indeed married——married to that——”

“ To Miss Hazlewood?” interrupted her cousin. “ I often dreaded it.”

“ Oh, your fears of a growing attachment on *his* part were groundless,” said Olivia. “ He thought that Emily was lost to him, and in the most noble man-

ner sacrificed himself;" she then related the outline of the circumstances, and added, "he is indeed a glorious victim to generosity, and it would break your very heart, Charles, to see his wretchedness."

"I scarcely knew Miss Hazlewood," said Charles; "but Emily Nugent's successor must be very, very amiable to make her be beloved. Poor Clanalvon is indeed altered; from the first moment his appearance struck me."

"Even you, Charles," said Olivia, "would be provoked if you saw how Lizzy loves her; and mamma caresses her, just as she used to caress my darling Emily. Oh, you would pity him, if you knew how Clanalvon's spirits and health are gone! and, oh, you would admire him, if you saw with what patient forbearance he endures all Cecilia's caprices, and with what fortitude he struggles with his feelings for her sake, while his whole heart is devoted to Emily!"

Charles Montague had intimately known Emily, and, long in the habit of observing

her character with pleasure, as the future wife of his friend, had grown to love her almost as well as his cousin Olivia; and now, when lady Clanalvon proudly presented to him her lovely daughter-in-law, Elizabeth marked the agitated colour rise and fall on his cheek. He had not yet heard how truly pitiable was the envied fate of the young countess of Clanalvon; and his manner, as he kissed her offered cheek, was cold and disaffectionate.

Cecilia felt it; but wishing to blind herself to the unkindness of her husband's cousin and favourite friend, she afterwards asked Olivia—"Was Mr. Montague's manner in general so distant to strangers?"

"I am not well acquainted with Charles's manner to strangers," replied Olivia; "but I know that to those he loves he is the kindest of all friends."

"I have heard him so highly praised," said Cecilia, "and I know that Clanalvon is so much attached to him, that even were he not to be the husband of my dear Elizabeth, I should wish to conciliate his

regard. I am very courageous," she added, smiling; "I shall have much difficulty in gaining the affection, even of the tenants, and yet I not only hope to obtain it, but venture to think I may yet become a friend of your cousin. But indeed, Olivia, love, in my former slight acquaintance with Mr. Montague, I remarked a peculiar sweetness in his manner; I thought then that I could almost trace a family likeness to your brother."

"I never thought Charles and Clanalvon like," said Olivia, anxious to turn the subject. "From infancy Charles and Lizzy resembled each other. I recollect in all our little plays they were companions—their tastes were always the same—my brother's and mine; and when we began to grow up, Lizzy and Charles always liked the same kind of books—Clanalvon and I; they were fonder of descriptions of countries, and we delighted in reading of heroes sacrificing themselves for their country, and that sort of thing. They were always together; it has since

reminded me of the love of Redmond and Matilda in Rokeby; and they still continue each other's favourite companions."

"And who were yours and your brother's?" asked Cecilia.

"In infancy we were each the favourite playfellow of the other," said Olivia.

"But since infancy?" repeated Cecilia.

"Of course you are now his favourite companion; and he is still mine, unless, perhaps, I now find nearly equal pleasure in other society; but when we were children, I avowedly loved Clanalvon better than any thing on earth; and indeed I believe I do so still."

"I was not *always* his favourite companion, Olivia," said Cecilia. "Did your taste and his grow up so much in unison?"

"Of course they separated a little," replied Olivia, blushing. "I am five years younger than him, and he required something more in conversation than I possess. I am not as well informed as he is, neither have I as fine a taste for the lighter and more elegant accomplishments. You know

I have no genius, for instance, for music, of which he is so passionately fond."

"And who did he find of superior talents or attainments, my sweet Olivia? for I do not know the person," said Cecilia.

Olivia blushed deeply, and tears filled her eyes as she recollected the beloved and injured friend, who had possessed every power of charming; but not wishing to utter her name in presence of Clanalvon's wife, she went to the pianoforte, and asked Cecilia to sing a song which she named.

"It was not one she liked; and taking up a music-book, she offered, if Olivia wished, to sing that she pointed to.

"No, no!" cried Olivia, snatching the book from her hand, "I could not bear to hear that song; it was a favourite of my darling, lost Emily; and now she is gone, I will never hear it in this house at least."

"It was a song of my beloved Emily Nugent's; I taught her that song in our

happy childhood at Woodpark," said Cecilia, bursting into tears, and retiring to the window.

Olivia followed her, and silently threw her arm round her waist, at a loss what to say, yet desirous of offering some conciliation.

While they thus stood, Clanalvon entered the room. He came to inform his wife of an arrangement that had taken place respecting the celebration of Elizabeth's marriage; but the sight of her tears, and of the book over which he had so often hung, while turning the leaves for Emily, put to flight every idea, save those connected with her and with Cecilia. Elizabeth had represented to him the absolute necessity of concealing his feelings, and he came determined that they should never more be visible to her; but when he saw the sorrow with which she leaned over Emily's music-book, the instant idea which occurred to him was, that Olivia, in her own feelings on seeing it, had betrayed to her the state of his.



Neither Cecilia or Olivia perceived his entrance, and he remained standing near them, afraid to make it known to the former, until she raised her eyes, and the smile with which she looked at him, convinced him that anger did not agitate her bosom.

"Why these tears, my dear Cecilia?" he kindly asked, taking her hand.

"This book," she replied, "belonging to the friend of my earliest childhood, reminded me of Woodpark, and all the recollections connected with it."

As she spoke, her tears flowed afresh, and she hastily left the room.

Clanalvon remained on the spot where she had left him, and in a few minutes his mind rapidly surveyed the whole of his extraordinary situation. The fond affection of his wife for Emily was peculiarly touching to his generous nature; he felt a more tender interest in Cecilia for her attachment to the idol of his love, and he resolved again that nothing should ever tempt him to betray feelings which could

wound her.—“ No, holy, sainted Emily !” he inwardly exclaimed, “ thy blessed memory shall never make her who knows to love thee unhappy. No, sacred creature ! thy dear remembrance, embalmed in tears of tenderness, shall be unstained by any other’s ; thy name shall never be heard but with the soft emotions of regret ; thou shalt be uninjuring, as thou art injured ; but still, in the inmost recesses of this bleeding heart, that image so adored may be preserved. Yes, I will love thee still ; unworthy as I am, I still will love thee ; and I can love Cecilia—I can cherish her tender spirit as it deserves ; for, oh, my Emily ! no other love can interfere with that with which thou art enshrined within my soul.”

It was determined that Elizabeth Fitzmaurice should be married at Clanalvon Castle, as soon as the licence could be procured, as it was necessary for Montague immediately to take possession of his new estate, and he refused to go until she accompanied him as his wife.

Lady Clanalvon, with peculiar joy, prepared for the marriage, as by it she saw one of her daughters happily settled, without losing the society of her favourite.

Olivia's joy in the happiness of her sister and cousin was scarcely clouded by her grief at their departure, as she promised herself many long and pleasurable visits to them, as well as from them.

Cecilia was glad to see Elizabeth happy, for she really loved her, and was not sorry at the diminution of the family at the castle, as she felt a constant jealousy of Clanalvon's preferable affection, not only for his mother and sisters, but for his cousin Charles.

Clanalvon, alone, with agony, which, though unexpressed, was visible to his affectionate sister, saw the universal joy—the smile of placid and perfect happiness which reigned on the features of Montague, might have been his; a blush of lovelier hue than that which overspread the dimpled cheek of Elizabeth, he had once hoped to see on that of Emily as his

bride. Often, as he gazed on them with sad recollection of blasted hopes, the anguish of his heart would appear on his soul-speaking face; and as often Cecilia would reproach him for his extreme attachment to Elizabeth and Charles, saying that she would be the most blessed of women, could she see such feelings for her—could she see such affliction at the idea of losing her—such earnest anxiety for her happiness.

At these moments, Clanalvon, who would willingly have bared his breast to the cannon's ball, shrunk trembling from her eyes; his feelings, in themselves not of a nature to be vanquished, at every moment met fresh excitement from the passing scenes.

Elizabeth felt for his sufferings, the more, as she perceived the sedulous care with which he sought to conceal them; her own happiness did not make her less tenderly sensitive to the sorrows of others; and Charles remarked, with delighted affection, though painful sympathy, every

cloud which shaded the joy of her countenance. It was his wish that his favourite Olivia might go with them, and Elizabeth had more reasons than the mere delight of her society for urging his request; but Olivia resolutely refused to deprive her idolized brother at once of the only two who could enter into and alleviate his feelings; and her mother wondered that Lizzy's pleasure in the company of her happy sister should make her so cruelly neglectful of Clanalvon.

Lizzy's motive for wishing to have her with her was not selfish; no selfish consideration could have induced her, under such circumstances, to wish to appropriate to herself any source of enjoyment which might mitigate the severity of her brother's fate; but she was under deep anxiety about Olivia's future prospects. She saw that she was cherishing an attachment to Robert Howard, which, as it seemed rather the result of his devoted and enthusiastic love for her than of qualities which rendered him the natural

choice of her heart and her judgment, she thought separation would in a little time obliterate; and this she wished, because, though his talents were showy, his manners attractive, and his disposition such as, under proper regulation, might have been all that was amiable, yet he was totally devoid of principle and steadiness; besides which, she had well-founded hopes of another union, much more likely to be productive of happiness to Olivia, to which her prepossession in Robert's favour was the only obstacle.

Lord O'Donnell, a young nobleman, who possessed in an eminent degree all that Robert had, and all that he wanted, had expressed to Charles Montague such warm admiration of Olivia, as he saw a very little encouragement from her would ripen into love; Olivia too respected his worth and admired his talents; and Elizabeth often thought she had seen her turn with reluctance from his interesting and intelligent conversation, to save Robert Howard from a jealous pang. If her love

could be directed towards him, it was evident that it would be that of full, approving choice—a love that could honour as well as cherish him; while that for Robert could be nothing more than childish liking, strengthened by habits of intimacy.

To break through these habits, and leave her mind the liberty of a free choice, whether it would lead her to lord O'Donnell or back to Howard, had long been the earnest wish of Elizabeth and Clanalvon, and both had often forcibly represented to their mother, and as often succeeded in convincing her reason of the propriety of checking the familiarity with which Howard was almost domesticated in the family; but the reason of lady Clanalvon was never as powerful as her feelings, and these being too much governed by vanity, rendered it insupportable to her, that a lover of Olivia's should be allowed to drop off by degrees, without a proposal and formal dismissal; and to bring about this proposal and dismissal, she sometimes encouraged him more than ever, knowing that

a declaration was only delayed by the apprehension he had entertained, since his connexion with lord Belville, of being violently opposed by Clanalvon.

Clanalvon, Charles, and Elizabeth, all joined in earnest endeavours to prevail with Olivia to accompany the two latter; but when they found her so determined to resist their entreaties, and saw that if she went, her thoughts would still remain stationary, they ceased, agreeing, that as far as lay in Clanalvon's power, he should counteract his mother's encouragement to Howard, and that he should, by gentle degrees, lead lord O'Donnell into his place.

Charles and Elizabeth went, anxious for the feelings of their darling sister, and yet more anxious for the fate of their yet dearer brother.

The family now consisted only of lord and lady Clanalvon, the mother, and lady Olivia.

An ancient castle, surrounded by tenants, resembling the vassals of the feudal



barons, a family large enough in itself to form a society, perfect liberty in every respect, music and painting to amuse the hours not devoted to reading or social intercourse, books, and those who could enjoy them with her, Cecilia had ever fancied the highest state of happiness to which human nature could attain.

These were all now her own; she had grasped what she imagined the pinnacle of bliss—and was she happy? The sighs which her bosom heaved, the tears which unconsciously stole down her cheek, answered the question; and yet at times her beaming countenance spoke her the very child of joy.

It was at the moments when these enjoyments drove from her remembrance the bitter feelings which wet her pillow with tears. She felt that she was not beloved; life had been since childhood utterly without happiness for her; and when the peculiar sweetness of lord Clanalvon's appearance had attached her to him, and when she was about to become his wife,

she did not suffer herself to pause on the idea, that the tenderness which enchanted her might be nothing more than the effect of pity for her unhappiness. The fairy visions of felicity, which gave her such pleasure while she formed them, were too delightful to break; she had not sufficient strength of mind to deprive herself by reflection of their enchantment. Once, and but once before her marriage, she recollected that Emily Nugent had once been his destined wife, and that her own enthusiastic admiration of him had first been excited by his devoted attachment to her friend; but then fancy, the charming deceiver, to whose illusions she constantly yielded her better reason, taught her that it had been but the influence of habitual affection which attached him to her, and the idea that it was only this was too sweet to be given up; she therefore did not venture to examine it.

Perhaps this voluntary blindness is, of all others, the most fertile source of moral

error; for there are comparatively few who can commit a crime, with its full atrocity glaring in the face of conscience. Cecilia had too much rectitude of mind, and too much habitual principle, to have indulged herself in the endearing attentions which were calculated to seduce the affections of the beloved lover of her friend, had she felt the full force of what she was doing; but she had that facility of self-delusion, that deficiency of courage to investigate painful truth, that always gave her, wishes power over her reason; she would not act against the clear dictates of truth, but she could evade its force.

For the first few weeks of her marriage, all the fancied enjoyments of her life seemed realized, and if one pang of disappointment, if the coldness of Olivia, or the agony which at times convulsed the features of her husband, checked the delights of her situation, again she willingly blinded herself, and imagined that once they reached their home, all care would be at an end.

Sad was her disappointment, on her first reception at Clanalvon Castle; for fancy had painted this one of the most brilliant moments of her life. Every day brought some new damp to her felicity; she had fondly fancied herself the darling of his family and his tenantry, and she saw herself only considered as the rival of the adored Emily Nugent; but no jealous prejudice against this universal idol took possession of her breast.

Emily was too pure for envy to find one fault to fasten upon; she was too mild, too unenvying, for a possibility of dislike; she was too humble in her opinion of herself, too just, or rather indulgent, in her judgment of others, for a mind of any generosity to cast a blame on her; and even when Cecilia felt most unhappy, from the preference of her husband's family for Emily, she could not avoid joining with them in the strongest esteem and admiration for her. She did not wish to think of her; but when she did, it was with the sentiments she deserved. But it

was *only* with his tenants and family she discerned this preference; had she suffered herself to see it in him, it would have annihilated every possibility of happiness; and she blinded herself to it as sedulously, though not as effectually, as before her marriage. It sometimes darted across her soul, with a pang of poignant agony, and then her mind never rested until she had placed the circumstance which gave birth to the idea in another point of view, fastening all the blame, of whatever gave her pain, on lady Clanalvon or Olivia; feeling herself not beloved as she wished to be loved by him, she fancied that his deference for his mother's opinion, and his tenderness for her and his sister, were the causes that intervened. She often said, that he should not have married while he loved his mother and sisters more than he could love a wife; and by degrees this jealousy grew to such an excess, that whatever was proposed by them, even the choice of a book, a walk, or a drive, was sure to meet her opposition. Clanalvon's

concurrence with their taste always called forth tears and reproaches; if he agreed with hers, he gained nothing by it but thanks almost as reproachful, "that he had *for once* preferred her gratification to theirs;" and if he was totally neutral, "she could not find pleasure in any thing, because he never seemed to participate in it." That she was an "isolated being," was her constant complaint, and sometimes with justice, though never so but through her own fault. If he forgot his sorrows in the animated interest with which he read aloud some beautiful poem or tale, she was listless and inattentive, complained of a headache, by way of apology, and sometimes criticised the work, as if rather teased than amused by it; if the book was laid aside, and music, chess, or any other amusement proposed, it was still the same; nothing could engage her; and without once wishing it, she always contrived to throw a damp on the enjoyments of others. Company was tried a few times, but the exertion of common civility to-

wards them, the slight trouble of additional attention to her toilet, shortly seemed to overpower and fatigue her; she consequently always appeared to disadvantage; and Clanalvon saw his guests received in a manner which almost made them doubt their welcome.

Is it to be wondered at that his mind recurred to a comparison between her and Emily Nugent? In the gloomy hours of evening, spent in silence, or, still worse, in forced conversation, he thought on how those hours might have glided, enlivened by genius, taste, sensibility, and a susceptibility of enjoyment, which, flowing from a temper naturally cheerful, required no outward circumstances to give play to its ever-ready smile. He had seen Emily ill, but never seen her incapable of rewarding attention by looks of pleasure; he had seen her a prey to the keenest anxiety, during his own long illness, but never had seen her a burden to others. \* The feelings of Emily neither required nor loved excitement, but seemed as a vital principle

to all around her. Cecilia, on the contrary, loved excitement, and sunk into lassitude without it; she was formed, not to communicate, but to receive life from others.

This difference in their characters Clanalvon saw, and felt that however lovely Cecilia might be in the moments of sunshine, all the powers of her mind drooped when a cloud overshadowed her; and as his memory retraced the happiness he had once known, he often thought how true was the feeling of Young—

“ And I was—*was* most blest,  
Gay title of the deepest misery !”

The society of lord O'Donnell might have enlivened the domestic circle, but he soon deserted it. He sincerely loved and esteemed Clanalvon, and saw that he was wretched; he admired Emily, and both from common report, and their manners to each other, had gathered that she was once the destined wife of Clanalvon, and that her present absence and illness were



generally attributed to his desertion of her; he was not precisely acquainted with the manner in which the change had been effected, but yet saw and suspected enough to prejudice his mind against Cecilia, even more than she deserved, as appearances led him to believe that she had supplanted her friend by deliberate treachery. His manners towards her were, in consequence, so coldly and distantly polite, that Cecilia, whose passion was to be a first object with every one, contracted the strongest aversion for him. Eager to attribute her husband's want of the ardent attachment she looked for, to any cause rather than that which too often obtruded ~~it~~ <sup>itself</sup> on her mind, she grew jealous of what she conceived to be lord O'Donnell's influence, which she suspected he sometimes used to prejudice him against her.

Had this been true, prudence should have induced her to endeavour to conciliate the esteem and regard of her husband's friend; but instead of this, she always took care to give him such a recep-

tion as marked her dislike of his visits, and during their continuance she usually withdrew to a distant part of the room, where, reclining on a sofa, she wrapped her large shawl closely around her, and seemed, in her looks and attitude, to envelop herself from all participation in the society present.

In vain Clanalvon expostulated with her, representing the injury she was doing his sister; but all he could say produced the very opposite effect, only raising in her mind a terror of the man she so much disliked becoming a member of the family. Unwilling as he was to exert the authority of a husband, when he was conscious he could not feel the tenderness of one, he went so far as to say, *he insisted* ~~on~~ her receiving lord O'Donnell with civility at least, if not with friendliness.

This word, so new to her ear, produced hysterics and agonized reproaches, that he tyrannized over her ~~wherever~~ her inclinations opposed those of any of his family, and that in this instance he cruelly sacri-

ficed her feelings of self-respect to the interest of Olivia, in compelling her to degrade herself, by seeking to conciliate the favour of a man who had insulted her by marked aversion.

Lord O'Donnell, finding his visits painful to himself, and ineffectual as to his object, since the uneasiness they caused must rather prejudice Olivia against him, gradually withdrew them entirely; but as he resided in the neighbourhood, Clanalvon was frequently with him; this caused new tears and new reproaches; but experience had so far corrected the weak and facile good-nature of his character, that though he would have yielded any thing that merely concerned himself to the wishes of Cecilia, he held firmly to what he felt right, in a point where the real interests of one object of his care and protection were set in opposition to the temporary gratification of another. He was not however equally steady in another point connected with the same object.

Olivia, unable to find enjoyment in her joyless companions, seemed almost sinking into the lassitude of Cecilia; but whenever Robert Howard came, she found again one who could sympathize with her in every respect. He read to her, and still his opinions coincided with hers; he praised Emily Nugent; he was never tired in hearing her praises of her brother; he loved all she loved, and she felt that she was dearer to him than any earthly being.

Naturally affectionate, warm-hearted, generous, enthusiastic, had his candid mind been rightly directed, he might have been all that the husband of Olivia Fitzmaurice ought to be. He hated the dissipation into which he had fallen, not from any steady principle of religion, but because his tastes were capable of more elegant enjoyment; he was penitent for all his errors, because they stood between him and his hopes of Olivia, and often he told her, that if she would direct him, he could

never err again—if his faults gave her pain, they could exist no more.

Olivia desired him to be directed by a higher motive than that of pleasing her; but still her bright eyes spoke her gratified sense of his affection; and when her fond brother saw that his presence gave back to her beautiful countenance all its faded smiles, he could not, while her sisterly affection confined her to the gloom which now pervaded his dwelling, deprive her of this only sunshine of her life; he wished indeed to deprive himself of the consolation of her society, in order to remove her to the cheerful home of Elizabeth, where the advantage of a separation from Howard might be obtained, without the same injury to her spirits and health as was to be apprehended at Clanalvon Castle; but it was impossible to prevail upon her to consent to a measure which she was sensible would increase his unhappiness, and she continued, without opposition, to enjoy the society of Robert Howard, who

was a particular favourite with Cecilia, as she considered him the only person who loved Emily Nugent, and yet felt for her cordial affection and admiration.

These sentiments he shewed at first, even while under strong irritation against her, on account of Emily Nugent, because they were the only means of securing to him that intimacy in the house which both love and friendship made him anxious to preserve, and they soon became real; for where Cecilia felt herself loved and admired, she was peculiarly fascinating.

Miserable for his sister, for his mother, whose elastic spirits seemed at times likely, by constant discomfort, to lose their spring—for Cecilia, whose perception of his deficiency of attachment was often and vehemently expressed—more than all, miserable for the fate of Emily Nugent—angry with himself for almost every feeling which passed through his breast, Clan-alvon felt that in his present situation he could not live; he felt that justice towards Cecilia should compel him to aban-

don the spot where the idea of Emily, ever tenderly present to his mind, was constantly recalled to it with torturing regret; and as torturing comparisons between her and his wife, which in cooler moments he thought must be almost as disadvantageous to any other woman as to her, he felt also that in a short absence from her he could collect his scattered thoughts, he could calm his feelings, and perhaps, on his return, be enabled to make her happy.

After some consideration, and having by letter consulted Montague and Elizabeth, he one day told her that he thought travelling might be of use in removing his constant headaches, and that he had resolved, if she agreed to it, to make a short tour through France and Switzerland.

Cecilia's countenance brightened, and she exclaimed, that she was delighted indeed at his having proposed a plan so well suited to her taste and wishes. She, of course, would go with him.

Lady Clanalvon pleaded, that in her

present situation, travelling must be as injurious to her as it would be beneficial to him; and he gave utterance to only one of the many feelings which throbbed in his heart—his long-cherished and ardent desire that his child should be born an Irishman.

She admired his patriotic enthusiasm, but she could return before her confinement; and she answered every objection, by repeating, that had Olivia wished to go, and wanted a *chaperon*, she would not have met this opposition.

Clanalvon yielded, grieved to the heart to see the scheme, which he had considered the only means of finding happiness for her, or peace to himself, thus frustrated, and to find that every attempt to amend their wretched situation only increased its misery.

Olivia wished to accompany them; but as Cecilia seemed eagerly to cling to the idea of being alone with him, he indulged her, and arranged for his mother and sister to remain in town, where Charles and



Elizabeth would be to see them off, and spend the next two months.

Before they left Clanalvon Castle, whenever Cecilia was so busied in her preparations as not to notice his absence, he yielded to the melancholy gratification of revisiting alone all the favourite haunts of Emily; and from these excursions he returned with feelings soothed, though saddened, and with a tender wish to please Cecilia, increased by his reflections on his deficiency in the ardent attachment for which her heart seemed to pine.

The short interval that was spent in Dublin was a little enlivened by the society of Charles and Elizabeth, though the perfect happiness they seemed to enjoy drove many a pang of unenvying regret to the heart of their unhappy brother.

Early in the month of March, the young earl and countess of Clanalvon crossed the sea, in order to go to France by Dover; and often on their melancholy journey the last bright smile of Olivia returned on his mind, as the last beam of departed happi-

ness; that smile had been given him a few days before he left her, when he had fondly said, that he soon hoped to see her as happy with Robert Howard as Elizabeth was with Montague; for latterly he had become hopeless of detaching her heart from him, and from his late conduct had begun to view the subject in that favourable light to which his own affection for Robert inclined him.

The journey was but slowly pursued, as often the indisposition of Cecilia would detain them more than a week at one place; and often she loitered to so late an hour before they set off, that it was impossible to complete more than one stage in the daylight; and if they attempted a second, her terrors of robbers, banditti, overturns, &c. harassed her frame and his spirits; every thing seemed to annoy her, while the real cause of the interior dissatisfaction, that threw a gloom over all around her, was the ill-concealed wretchedness of her husband.

His attentions to her were watchful and

unceasing, but the look and voice of animated affection accompanied them not. Pity, fondness, grateful tenderness, he felt for her; the only gratification he was now capable of receiving was in contributing to her happiness; but that ardour of attachment, which could draw its own happiness from her alone, was utterly wanting.

She indeed possessed a soft helplessness, too endearing not to gain an interest in a heart so generous and amiable as that of Clanalvon; but, in close intimacy, there was an imbecility in her character, which made any permanently-strong sentiment towards her impossible. She perfectly felt that a look from her, or the slightest wish expressed or understood, was a law to him; but though her mind, and her command over it, was weak, her own feelings were full of ardour, and she painfully felt the want of it in his; all the fond, admiring devotion with which she had loved him, continued unabated; she could not blame him for his want of equal love; but

dreadful was the self-reproachful feeling which often covered her cheek with painful blushes, that she had wilfully deceived herself; and often, when she marked some generous, noble feeling, when a smile, full of sensibility and intelligence glowed on his countenance, she almost wished that it were now possible for her to witness his perfect happiness with another; and that other—that other who alone was worthy of him, she felt was Emily Nugent. In the beginning of her marriage, while she still cherished the hope of possessing her husband's ardent affection, she could not bear to give admittance to an idea which must destroy the illusion, and therefore forcibly chased from her breast every suspicion of his attachment to Emily; but as this hope gradually faded, and she became sensible that though the object of his indulgent tenderness, she had never been that of his love, she found it less grating to her feelings to attribute the want of ardour in his affection for her to the prevalence of a prior attachment,

rather than to her own want of the power of exciting it.

A short, very short time now remained until the awful period when Cecilia was to become a mother, or to quit a world in which she was capable of so little solid enjoyment; and this approaching crisis of her fate led to reflections of the most beneficial tendency to a mind not so much deficient in understanding as in the power of using it. She was in a great measure a visionary, fond rather of modelling objects by her imagination, than of discerning their real state; but in the awful trial suspended over her, all was reality.

\* We are not deluded into error by the uncertainty of death; of its certainty at one time or other, every creature is aware; but it is the uncertainty of the period in which this awful transition from one state of existence to another may take place, which renders so large a proportion of mankind careless in preparing for it. Though in pregnancy the final result, for death, or life with an added blessing, is

doubtful, the period in which that momentous question is to be decided is fixed and determined; accident may bring it nearer, but nothing can postpone it; and lost to every serious impression must the woman be who can for several months have this alternative placed before her eyes, without deriving mental improvement from it. How beautiful is this order of nature, which ushers the infant into the world with circumstances which render the mother more fitted for the sacred trust!

Once led to solid reflection, Cecilia had much to pause upon, much to correct; and now, instead of trusting to the blind guide of her own sensibility, she prayed to be directed; instead of persisting in efforts to obtain that line of happiness for which she had painfully and vainly struggled, she resolved to seek the esteem of her husband, and to become a really-useful character; instead of fretfully lamenting his want of devoted love, she learned to admire and wish to imitate the exalted

and disinterested sensibility which taught him such tenderness and indulgence towards one who had, she was too well aware, deeply and irrecoverably injured him.

As the mother of his already-darling child, Clanalvon's warm heart glowed with a new emotion towards her; his pitying, grateful affection for her increased to a more respectful and a fonder sentiment; still Emily Nugent remained the only object on whom his mind could turn, as the being who would have been all to him—who would have been more than now he could look back to without almost maddening anguish. In her his whole heart was still wrapped up; but the approaching danger of Cecilia filled his bosom with a sentiment for which he could scarcely account.

Cecilia hung with delighted love upon his increased tenderness; the natural timidity of her disposition made her feel certain that she could not survive her confinement; but often she thought that the

pangs\* of death would be a joy indeed, could her closing eyes behold him hanging over her expiring form.

Thus, in watchful care on the part of Clanalvon, and of fluttered joy on that of Cecilia, passed the first few weeks of their residence in France. Soon was the peaceful period at an end; a letter from lady Elizabeth Montague soon and dreadfully destroyed the short-lived calm. It was as follows:—

“ I know not how to prepare my dearest Clanalvon for an event for which we were ourselves unprepared; nothing I could say could lessen the shock. I will only desire you to be resigned. It is indeed a circumstance so unlooked-for, so dreadful, that I can scarcely ask you to endeavour to be composed, for Cecilia's sake. I do not know how farther to delay the whole sad history—I must go on at once, but will give you all the preparation we had ourselves.



“ Since our return to town, lord Belville has made many efforts to regain his former intimacy with Robert Howard; but, as our letters have informed you, dear Robert firmly resisted them, knowing that our family disapproved the connexion. The day but one before yesterday, they met at our house, and I noticed them a few minutes in conversation—but there was then nothing remarkable. After lord Belville went, he was in the highest spirits; he whispered Olivia, that lord Belville had failed in all his endeavours to lead him back to the gaming-table. But, alas! one fatal effort was yet untried.

“ It is best to go on to tell you each circumstance of the last three days. That evening, all life and animation, he gave pleasure to all around him; and I thought that he was really formed by nature for our darling Olivia—precious creature! that last delightful evening she smiled those lovely looks of peaceful, yet animated happiness, which you so fondly loved, look-

ing forward only to a continuance of present enjoyment in the future. You remember what powers of pleasing Robert possessed, and how much he seemed to enjoy the style of conversation he met with us. Never did I so ardently hope that he and our Olivia might yet be as happy together as we are—never did I feel all fear on the subject, so completely groundless as that evening; the looks of happy love he fixed on her can never be forgotten. He left us, promising to come again the following evening; but in vain we expected him. Mamma thought that some other engagement interfered; but poor Olivia blushed, and said she knew he would not neglect that engagement for any other, and she was sure he would come. At length however mamma received a note, saying it was impossible for him to see us that evening.

“During breakfast this morning, Charles was called out, and did not return. As I was going up stairs, I met my maid,

who said she feared all was not right, as Charles turned deadly pale on hearing a message from lord Howard's servant, and that he had gone away with him, seeming violently agitated.

"According to Susan's advice, I went to mamma, and, without mentioning my fears, urged her to go out immediately with Olivia on some business. When proposed to her, Olivia begged to stay; and I saw that she wished to wait for Robert's usual morning-visit. However, as I pressed her strongly, she consented to go, while I remained anxiously waiting the return of Charles. In a few minutes I got a note from him. At that moment our dear Robert lay senseless, and almost lifeless—it was a duel with lord Belville.

"This was all I then knew. Charles wished me to go immediately to him. As I entered, I heard the shrieks of his mother—that cold phlegmatic woman—they went to my very heart. Charles brought me in silence to his room. The unhappy father hung over him—Miss Howard and

the children were sobbing around the bed.—‘Go to your poor mother, Sarah,’ said lord Howard, as I entered.

“When he heard me, he turned—his countenance——But why should I torture you with such descriptions?—‘Speak to him, lady Elizabeth,’ said the poor old man, motioning to some of the children to make way for me.

“Death was marked in his face, and he seemed quite insensible. I stooped to speak to him. He pressed my hand, opened his eyes, and smiled. He murmured the name of Olivia—his lips continued to move; he smiled again, and died. Charles led me away. The unhappy father at the moment sunk to the ground—all his pride, all his hopes, all his affections, had centered in his lost Robert. The grief of lady Howard was yet wilder and more unrestrained; but while I was engaged in fruitless efforts to turn her mind to the only source of consolation, all became suddenly known to the deepest sufferer in the calamity. Mam-

ma, unconscious of the circumstance, called to visit lady Howard. Sarah saw the carriage, and instantly flew down. I have since heard that, opening the door, she rushed into the street; and, by her countenance, mamma at once guessed the truth. Sarah grasped Olivia's hand, sobbing violently, unable to speak. Mamma brought her into the carriage, imploring her to tell what had happened; but she could only sob out—'Robert!'—'What of him, for Heaven's sake!' mamma exclaimed. She replied—'He is dead! Robert is killed!' with renewed shrieks.

"Our precious Olivia did not utter a word, but sunk in mamma's arms, as if she was gone for ever. Miss Howard brought me to her—our efforts have been in vain to restore her; but she lives, and is not, the physicians say, in a dangerous state. I scarcely know what I have said.

"I have written so far while she lay in a kind of sleep. I dreaded lest my beloved Clanalvon should hear it perhaps in an exaggerated form. I must now stop—

it is almost daylight. In the morning I will add some account of how she appears.

“ Charles has just learned from a young man, who was present, the whole course of this fatal event. At dinner, the day before yesterday, lord Belville met him, when, after dinner, he again urged his cruel request, that Robert would accompany him to the club-house; with the firmness which he has latterly displayed, he refused to do so. Lord Belville dwelt on the pleasures of the gaming-table, with that persuasive eloquence in which he prided himself, and reminded Robert how much he had once enjoyed them.—‘ I do remember,’ said Robert, ‘ and perhaps this recollection of my errors, and the repentance of them I ought to feel, were necessary to enable me to resist the eloquence with which lord Belville defends them.’ Lord Belville cast on him a look full of malice and vengeance; but the subject then passed away.

“ In the evening, just as he was pre-

paring to leave the company; and come to us, he approached him.—‘ You are going to lady Clanalvon’s,’ he said. Robert coldly replied in the affirmative.—‘ And when the happy husband returns, we may hope once more that Mr. Howard will honour our meetings with his presence,’ added lord Belville, with a malevolent smile; ‘ for it is well known that the reform wrought by the pretty saint, lady Olivia, has been aided by the absence of her brother’s purse.”

The remainder was in Charles’s hand.

“ Lizzy was here called away to Olivia, who then aroused from the stupor into which she had fallen. Some incautious friends may write to you, in a manner that will give you needless pangs in respect to her—it is therefore best to arm you against misrepresentation, by stating the exact truth. Her mind is *at present bewildered* by the abrupt discovery of an event so dreadful; but you may rely upon it, that there is nothing of real derangement in the case. I dispatch this, to be before-

hand with newspaper or other accounts, but hope to follow it very soon with one more favourable. There is not time for more. May you be supported, dearest Clanalvon; under your many trials! Your dear mother, since the first shock, has borne it as well as we could hope for; though she feels deeply, she is not ill. Lizzy is the help and comfort of every one, and for their sakes regards neither her own fatigue or sorrow. From the report of the physicians, I can confidently hope to write you good tidings of our darling Olivia in a few days. Adieu!"

Without a pause Clanalvon read to the end; but when he had finished, the letter dropped from his hand. He felt himself the murderer of his friend—the destroyer of his sister. It was he had introduced Belville to Howard—it was his blind partiality towards him which first induced Robert to regard him as a suitable com-



panion.—“Of all I have been guilty, except, till now, of murder!” he wildly exclaimed. A shuddering recollection of the dying Emily crossed his mind; his agonized feelings bordered on derangement—as Cecilia was not present, he had no object for which to restrain them.

Shuddering with mental anguish, he rushed from his home; his wild idea was to fly to Ireland, to see his sister, and perhaps embrace the cold remains of Robert. His wife, the infant on whom he had fixed his hopes—all were forgotten. He had never learned to bound his feelings; he had always given them unrestrained liberty, and now they overpowered him. His temples throbbed—his pulse beat high, as with feverish rapidity he pursued the path to which chance directed him; but sometimes he would check his steps, and think was it a dream? or was it indeed possible that Robert, all life and animation as he had left him, was now a cold senseless\* corpse; that Olivia, just rising into womanhood, just glowing in all the sweetest

hopes of youth, now blighted in all her happy heart had fastened on, was withering under the chill, murderous hand which had deprived her of her lover?—"Oh, truly," he exclaimed, "that sweet smile which dwelt so long upon my mind—that lovely treasured smile, was the last which ever illumined her cheerless prospects; and I the cause—I the murderer of Howard—and through him, of Olivia!"

The recollection of the infantine endearments of his sister—of all the sweetness he had loved, changed the course of his feelings from wild distraction to more tender sorrow, and by degrees he regained sufficient composure to reflect on the situation of his wife, and to determine to return to her, and conceal the anguish of his heart from her, to whom it might prove as destructive as the fatal event he lamented had been to Olivia.

With a fortitude surprising to himself, he conversed with her as if nothing had occurred; but his anguished feelings,

though concealed, were not to be conquered, and the very violence he did them served only to increase their injurious power over a constitution already shaken by a long course of agitation and suffering.

The apprehensive tenderness of his wife soon discovered symptoms of fever, which, in the course of the following day, arose to the most alarming height. Separated from every friend who might have soothed and divided her cares, night and day Cecilia hung over him, regardless of the danger to which her incessant fatigue exposed her own life, and that of her infant.

An old and attached servant frequently reminded her of this, and entreated her to rest; but—"No," said Cecilia, "if he dies, why should I remain a wretched burden on the earth? and if my cares restore him, how gladly will I die—how gladly see my child resign its first breath for his dear sake!" and in distracted affliction she continued to hang over his pillow, and to

hear every feeling, long denied utterance, in delirium communicated to her as a friend who would sympathize with him.

At times he knew Cecilia, and would tenderly caution her against fatiguing herself; at others he spoke to her as a person he loved, without even remembering her name. On the third day of his illness, awaking from a painful slumber, he said, looking around him—"And have I no friend left?"

"Yes; I am with you, dearest," replied poor Cecilia.

"Yes, and you are a friend; yes, you can feel for me. Oh, go to my Emily! Leave me to die, and go tell her I love her. But stay; tell me of Olivia, and bring me to Howard. But, see, see, do not tell my poor Cecilia—do not tell her that I am wretched—do not tell her of my love to Emily—do not make her uneasy, for I love her. Oh, I love her too much for my happiness, and too little for hers! Yet tell Emily, that never has one thought strayed from her; tell her that in

my child I hope to find a creature such as she was, all loveliness and virtue—that in every feeling she has been first—that even in the dreadful death of Howard I thought on her. She is always with me; and when I think of her, it is with resignation—with patient though hopeless woe: she was so perfect—so heavenly-minded, that every feeling connected with her, even those of sorrow, seem to partake of Heaven; she was all in all to me. Olivia would now be the happy wife of O'Donnel, had Emily——But do not tell Cecilia; it would grieve her. My dear Cecilia, she shall not suffer unnecessary affliction. Nor do not let her know about Olivia. Ah, why was I reminded of them? My poor heart! Do not let Cecilia feel as I feel.”

The only selfish care poor Cecilia could now entertain, was the fear that her fatigue and anxiety would bring on her illness, so that she would be forced to leave him. If he lived, she feared a separation, for her own strength was almost exhausted;

but if he died, she felt that they would be eternally united; and yet she prayed with as much earnestness, that he might live to be happy, as if she had ventured to hope that she could make him so. She had never known how tender was his affection for her, or with what ardent attachment she loved him, until this illness.

Hope did not once visit her for many, many days, and she soon found that unless its reviving influence came to cheer her, she could not long persevere in her unceasing attendance; her frame was so totally exhausted, that tedious swoonings often followed any change for the worse; yet the instant she recovered to a recollection of his illness, her own was forgotten, and she would fly back to him, as if refreshed by the suspension of her faculties. His health at length began gradually to recover; but he was left weak, to a degree which terrified her that his illness would take another turn, equally dangerous.

It was on the first day that he was well enough to be removed from one room to

another, that the anxiety which had seemed to give her strength being in a degree suspended, Cecilia was taken ill. By the positive orders of the physician, and her own tenderly-urged request, Clanalvon remained in a distant part of the house.

A few hours of anxious suspense had passed, when a servant came to inform him that he was a father, and that Cecilia lived; but from the manner in which the intelligence was given, he felt that she was far from safe; a moment after his daughter was placed in his arms. Fancy gave to her features the resemblances dearest to her unhappy father; but that which really existed was a mingled likeness to him and to her mother. As he clasped the baby to his heart, a fondness of protecting love, which he had never felt before, swelled there; the precious infant seemed to fill in herself the void in his heart, or rather, he seemed to possess all he loved in her.

Anxiously he pressed for admission to Cecilia's apartment. It was granted him;

but with sorrow unspeakable he saw the weakened state to which she was reduced; scarcely could she extend her hand to his—scarcely could her quivering lips pronounce his name, yet a smile trembled on them, and on her cold, pale cheek.

In broken accents Cecilia desired that a paper which lay in her escritoire should be brought to her. She put it into the hand of her husband, and whispered—“If I recover, return it; but if not, remember it is the last will of your dying wife—remember that in death my heart will cling to the wish expressed in it.”

“Oh, my Cecilia!” he exclaimed, “my beloved, my ever-tender, darling Cecilia, your wishes are all sacred to me! but, dying!—oh, do not farther rend my heart!”

The hand he held was pressed with strong emotion in both of his, and his lip rested on her forehead.

“Oh, I am blessed!” she exclaimed. “Rejoice with me!” and, sinking on his bosom, she expired.

Weakened in body by his long illness,



and in mind by the affliction which caused it, Clanalvon could scarcely sustain this new and heavy stroke. With sorrow incomprehensible to those who cannot conceive that the heart, while devoted with almost adoration to one object, may feel the tenderest emotions of grateful affection towards another, he hung over the lifeless form of his wife.

The chill hand of death seemed to have cast its blighting influence over every object. He thought of Emily lying as Cecilia now lay—no other picture than those of death and devastation could he raise to his imagination—Olivia, what she had been in form, but alienated in mind, perhaps unable to distinguish her idolized brother, were he near her, from the strangers around her—Elizabeth, faded and exhausted, in painful attendance on her—his mother and Charles reproaching him as the cause of all—Howard cold in the grave—Mrs. Nugent, deprived of her only tie to earth, dragging on a weary existence, lost to every hope, or perhaps per-

ishing under the chill hand which had torn Emily from her arms:—such were the objects which flitted before his eyes, as, in the dead of night, he returned to the apartment of Cecilia, once more to press her to his breast. Her last desire returned to his mind; and drawing her letter from his bosom, he called for his child, with some indistinct idea of a gratification in her presence, while he read the last will of her mother.

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“ Whenever this meets your eyes, you will regard it with tenderness, as the last relic of your Cecilia, and your precious tears will fall on the last lines traced by her. I am weak, and my hand trembles; I fear, my best beloved, that if I longer delay, I shall be incapable of writing.

“ In the very ravings of illness, as in every moment since my coming here, with thrilling delight I have felt that you fondly love me. I once thought other-

wise—I once feared that you did not consider me worthy of your love, and my mind was then restless and unhappy; but I have lately learned, that had it not been for one dear image previously impressed upon your heart, it might have been fully mine.

“ If my life is spared, it would be my joy and pride to make you all the amends in my power for the loss you have sustained in her: but it will not be; my strength is so exhausted, that I am fully sensible there is not sufficient left to bear the approaching struggle of nature. You will lament me; but remember, my beloved, that I die with hopes and views, which were not mine until I knew you; from you—from your dear example, I have learned to trace to its source the goodness, the rectitude with which you have at once preserved inviolate the attachment you owe to the inestimable object of your love, and to bestow on her who had committed her happiness into your hands, that indulgent tenderness which even my faults (and

I am now sensible of many (which I once considered virtues) could never exhaust. Though severed from you, I will be happy—happy, in some measure through your means, and therefore not an object of your regret.

“Happiness still awaits you; Emily may be yours. Whatever was the cause that disunited you, she loves you; and she is still the dearest, as she was the first, object of your affections. She loves me also; and, should my child survive, will cherish it for its mother’s sake, as well as for its father’s. In this sweet hope of happiness for you, for it, and for my dearest friend, all the most earnest wishes of my heart are fulfilled.

“My dying request to you is, that as soon as the last duties are fulfilled towards me, you will hasten to Ireland, to comfort your afflicted family, and find comfort in their society; tell them all that I gratefully feel their kindness towards me.

“As soon as the state of the dear, suffering Olivia’s health permits you to leave

her, go to my beloved Emily, and engage her promise to become your wife, and the mother of my child. In the meantime, the ever-kind Elizabeth may, by letter, reconcile whatever difference exists between you. Your dear Cecilia will rejoice in your mutual happiness; my spirit will hover around you—it will bless the dear mother of my child—you will think of me together. In death it is my hope to see this blessed union, and you will be blessed. My child will be reared a second Clanalvon or a second Emily. Oh! I long to be gone, and to see you happy, and Emily restored to health. My last breath will bless the two objects most dear to me on earth. Adieu, adieu for ever, my only love! I do not think I shall long continue here; but in death, as in life, I am your own

“ CECILIA.

“ It is my wish, that my child, should it be a girl, may be called Emily Cecilia; and now I trust my mind will remain fixed on things far above this world; be

happy, as you deserve to be. Farewell, my best beloved !”

“ Farewell, indeed, cold, lifeless form ! no longer animated by that generous spirit which now hovers over her husband and her child, and is *now* perhaps joined above by that of her friend.”

He sunk on his knees, and after a few minutes pause he exclaimed, raising the child in his arms—“ Oh, may this precious infant be free from all the faults of her unhappy father ! may she be gentle, generous, lovely, as her mother ! and, oh ! may she meet a happier fate ! Sainted spirits ! guard her from sin and sorrow—teach her to follow your steps to heaven ; and may her father learn himself to instruct her !—all others *now* are lost.”

His deep and hopeless affliction was more than he could endure ; a relapse was the consequence, and in a few days after that which gave her birth, it appeared most probable, that the smiling, uncon-

scious infant would soon be left a helpless, orphan in a foreign country. Still, in the wildness of fever, he would call for her; and as he clasped her to his bosom, murmur with mournful tenderness the name —“ Emily Cecilia.”

It was his delirious fancy that Emily too was dead, and that all dear to him had deserted him, as the destroyer of her, Cecilia, Howard, and Olivia—“ And thou only art left!” he would exclaim, gazing with exquisite fondness on his child; “ thou only art left to love thy guilty but unhappy father!”

But one was near who affectionately loved him; the tears of Elizabeth Montague often fell on his burning forehead, when she heard his mournful raving. On hearing from the physicians of his first illness on the death of Robert, and of the ceaseless fatigue and anxiety of Cecilia, she consigned Olivia to her mother's care, and hastened, with her husband, once more to see, and endeavour to console her brother, and share Cecilia's cares; or, if he

was gone, to protect and comfort his widow, and watch over his orphan. They came, and found Cecilia in the grave, and her husband apparently stretched on the bed of death.

Clanalvon's recovery was slow ; it would be tedious to trace its progress, and vain to attempt to paint the mingled, indescribable feelings which engrossed his mind. To tell with what fond and grateful affliction he hung over the tomb of his wife, would seem to say that she who still reigned unrivalled in the possession of his heart was no longer loved ; to tell with what tremulous, doubtful delight he learned that Emily yet lived, and might perhaps be his, would seem an insult to the dear memory of Cecilia. Suffice it then to say, that three months after the remains of Cecilia had been consigned to the grave, he was permitted by the physicians to leave France, with his brother, sister, and child, on his return to Ireland.

So weakened was he by illness and sor-



row, that their journey was but slowly pursued, although, with hopes and feelings scarcely acknowledged to himself, he longed for its conclusion; but during its progress, his affectionate friends had the opportunity of observing, with inexpressible delight, the moral advantage he had derived from his many afflictions; they had been the means of giving him that steadiness and power of reflection which alone were wanting to his noble character: where he had only *felt* before, he now *reasoned*—he had learned, instead of instinctively promoting whatever was most gratifying to the object present to his feelings, to consider what was most conducive to their lasting happiness; had he been now to live over again, the desire of giving her momentary pleasure would never have induced him to win on the heart of Cecilia by attentions which she attributed to love: he had learned to curb his impetuous feelings, and to see by the clear sunshine of reason, instead of by their fitful flame: not now would Emily have been lost to

him, Because the wild commotion of his breast deluded his judgment, as to the purport of a letter, which should have fixed him more firmly hers than ever: he had learned, that encouragement of error must ever be the discouragement of virtue; not *now* had Robert Howard been drawn into vice, by a man whom he was led to consider worthy, as the friend and companion of the being he most esteemed on earth.

“Should we ever repine, my Lizzy?” said Montague to her one day. “See how all the sorrows we lamented have worked together for his good. Even in this world, should Emily be restored to him, as I feel well convinced she will be, how much more happy will he be than he could have been formerly! he was then one of the most glorious works of untaught nature—he is now a Christian; how many new sources of happiness does this open to him!—resigned under affliction, and gratefully desirous to make the

most of every blessing; ‘truly the righteous inherit the earth.’”

At length, eight months after he quitted Dublin, he re-entered it, enfeebled in health, and his heart sinking with apprehension of the tidings which might await him. Every step, as the carriage approached his house, served to remind him of Robert Howard. Olivia too was more than ever present to his thoughts—Olivia what she had been, and Olivia what he expected to see her. The fond embrace of his mother—the delight with which she regarded his infant, warmed his breast with the first glow of pleasure he had experienced since its birth; but short-lived was the emotion—Montague entered the room, supporting what appeared rather the shade than the living form of his favourite sister; pale, emaciated, the glance of joy extinguished in her eyes—she sunk, half-fainting, on his bosom.

“Oh, Heaven!” exclaimed Clanaivon, as he enfolded her in his arms.

“Do not, do not,” she said; “I am

better—quite well—almost well, dearest, dearest Clanalvon.”

But it was impossible for the kind deceit with which she tried to sooth him, to conceal that sorrow had taken strong hold on every feeling; before he saw her, however, resignation had in a great degree calmed her first agony of grief; she felt, though her blindness permitted her not to see it, that the design of Providence in taking Robert was for the best. She bent submissively under the stroke, and did not even permit herself impatiently to wish that she might follow him; for if she was left in this world, it was evident she still had some duty in it—perhaps that of preparing herself for a better, by perfect submission to her present afflictions.

It was a letter from Emily Nugent, full of the ardent holiness which inspired her own breast, that had been the means of working this change in the distracted feelings of Olivia Fitzmaurice. For some weeks after the dreadful shock of Howard's death, her senses had fled, and in recover-

ing to a full knowledge of her misfortune, it was with reason dreaded that they would again be lost. To no hope of peace could she turn—no ray of happiness seemed capable of piercing the despair in which she was plunged; and still the strongest causes of her affliction were, the increased sorrow to her idolized brother, and the knowledge of the self-reproach with which he would deplore his having been the first person to introduce Robert to the fatal society of lord Belville.

In a state little short of derangement, Olivia had passed another month, when the letter of Emily, who had just then heard of the death of her ill-fated lover, gave a resignation and calmness to her feelings, of which she had believed them incapable.

Emily did not attempt to make light of the affliction—she only taught her how to bear it. She had also derived much religious consolation from an unknown friend, in a letter without signature, which spoke the writer acquainted with sorrow,

and with the healing balm of that mild, confiding piety which alone makes sorrow supportable.

With sincere pleasure Clanalvon recognized in this letter the handwriting of lord O'Donnell. That of Emily Olivia also shewed him, and as he read it, he felt something of the resignation she so sweetly urged, rise in his own breast—he felt that without her he could know no earthly happiness; but he felt also that he could relinquish happiness without despair. He had not yet inquired about her; he knew that she lived, but could not find courage to ask how far her state was considered dangerous. Having read her letter, he found his power to meet calamity, rather than his hope of not being called to encounter it, so much strengthened, that he desired his mother would candidly inform him whether her illness were mortal.

Lady Clanalvon said, that her physician as yet perceived no symptom of immediate danger; but at the same time warn-

ed him, that a long continuance of her present declining state must prove fatal: with floods of tears she then confessed the affair of the letter, stating her reasons for suppressing it; but saying that she was now, too late, aware that its having reached Emily, might have preserved her darling son from all the affliction of the last eighteen months.

Enough of the sanguine spirit for which he had once been famed, still inspired the grief-worn bosom of Clanalvon, to make him catch eagerly at the hope his mother's account of Emily contained. To write to her was his first object; he enclosed the letter of Cecilia, and, without daring one profession of attachment, he wrote a detailed account of every circumstance, save those connected with the fretful temper of Cecilia, since the moment he had last seen her; and entreated with earnestness to be permitted to see her, saying, that unless he received a positive prohibition, he would consider his request granted; and a few days after this letter was dispatched,

taking a mournful farewell of Olivia, he set off, with his infant and lady Clanalvon, for Devonshire.

When she had crossed the sea, and was actually on the road which was to restore Emily to their sight, the mother believed that all sorrow was at an end; already she saw her long-dejected boy once more the glowing, joy-inspiring promoter of universal happiness—already she saw her precious Olivia reviving, in the magic circle which Emily cast around her—already she saw her little granddaughter clasped to the tender bosom of a second mother; and the idea of seeing her favourite Emily smiling, in the power of bestowing so much bliss, was not among the least pleasing of her reflections.

Clanalvon's feelings of mingled hope and fear were to himself indefinable; therefore to attempt to describe them must indeed be vain.

When they had reached the last stage of their journey, it was agreed that he,



with his little charge, should proceed alone to the house of Mrs. Nugent, while his mother remained at the neighbouring village; for affectionately kind as were her present sentiments towards Emily, she had in no small degree aided in his marriage with Cecilia Hazlewood, and she did not wish to meet the Nugents, who were among those to whom her really-warm heart had once been most romantically attached, until they were prepared to receive her with forgetfulness of the year when they left Dublin, and she attended Cecilia as the bride of her son, with all the delighted tenderness which had been fondly promised to her favourite Emily.

With feelings which scarcely admitted the possibility of happiness, yet with horror flying from the idea of the only circumstance which could prevent it—praying for resignation, in case of an event on which he dared not think—remembering his last short interview with Emily—thinking on all her perfections and all his

faults—and memory sometimes returning with heart-aching pity and grateful fondness, to her whose precious baby slept on his bosom, Clanalvon pursued his way on foot to the spot where a poor woman informed him, her benefactresses, Mrs. and Miss Nugent, resided. This woman evidently could tell him all his heart longed to know; but her mention of the name assured him that Emily yet lived, and he dared not inquire farther.

Leaving him just returning to her whose dear idea had always calmed and turned towards resignation the woe which it excited, let us look back to that long-unseen object of universal love.

Emily Nugent was a living example that virtue has its reward here as well as hereafter; for, cut off at the early age of eighteen from all her young ardent heart had fixed on, for *outward* earthly happiness, and deprived of it by him in whom her affections centered with undoubting love—lost to every friend, save her whose eyes watched every movement of hers,

her life flowed on in that peaceful<sup>o</sup> tranquillity which the exercise of virtue could alone have given her. Every recollection of Clanalvon which turned her mind with any strong regret to a joyless world, in which she had long ceased to expect real felicity, she checked by the thought of how much superior was her present state, how much better prepared for the better life on which she must one day enter, than when such happiness bound her to earth.

Emily's pious mind had always acted by a ruling principle—her heart had always been devoted to Heaven; but now she walked on the earth as one whose spirit was above, and only descended on her human form to inspire it for the good of all who came within the wide circle of her benevolence.

No one valued the things of the world less than Emily had always done. Its pomps, its vanities, or its pleasures, were to her but the amusements of a passing hour; her real happiness she always found in the exercise of the affections; it was

therefore deeply wounded, but not annihilated; still, independent of the joys of Heaven which opened to her enraptured view, she possessed it in some degree. Every human creature was dear and interesting to her as such, and never did her expansive heart feel totally lost to earthly pleasure, while she could hear of the welfare of others; nor did she feel that vacant blank which the loss of valued affection too frequently occasions, while one afflicted heart could be made lighter by her consolations—while her presence could add one joy to prosperity—while her animated conversation, and apparent cheerfulness, could beguile her aunt of one smile.

Emily could not experience the dreary vacuity of one who, having lost what was dearest to her, stands an uninterested spectator of passing scenes.

The physician who attended Emily, said that not one complaint had fastened on her constitution; but a general debility of frame, caused by the nervous fever,

which agitation of mind had never suffered her really to recover, he found unconquerable, and was sensible that the slightest cold was now liable to fasten on her lungs—the slightest emotion to overthrow her little remaining strength. Of this she was herself also aware; and placid and unrepining as was her gentle spirit, she had nothing to lament in leaving this world, except the desolate state of her aunt.

“ Alas, my darling child !” said poor Mrs. Nugent, one day, when Emily had used every argument which piety could dictate, to encourage her not to despair, in case of the separation so dreaded by both, “ I do not think that this excess of sorrow would overwhelm me for the utter wreck of my own happiness. But, oh ! my Emily, your short life, how little has it been chequered by happiness ! what have you to regret in quitting this earth ?”

“ The ties which bound me there have been nearly dissolved ; but one dear tie now exists between me and this world,”

replied Emily; "to you alone, my beloved aunt, do I feel myself necessary."

"But in a manner how abrupt, my child," said Mrs. Nugent, "just as your poor heart revived from the affliction of your dear father's death, have you been deprived of all!"

"Rather say," replied Emily, with a smile, "that the peculiar happiness with which Heaven blessed me has not continued long. Were this my rest, I might indeed repine at the early loss of all, except you, that was dear to me; but, dearest aunt, this is a stony path through which we pass to the perfection of all happiness; for every blessing we should be grateful, instead of repining at their short continuance; and in this briery, stony way, oh, what sweet, sweet flowers I have gathered!" and poor Emily's tearful eyes smiled as she spoke.

"Indeed, indeed, my love," said Mrs. Nugent, "I trust I am not of an ungrateful spirit—I feel that all is for the best—my reason tells me that it is; and my

heart bends to Heaven's decision, 'be it what it may; but yet I should feel less, had your life been happier. What, what have you now, my only darling, but your aunt?"

"But I have still my angel aunt," said Emily, kissing her, with sweet endearment; "and I ought to be grateful for that dear blessing; and have I not other sources of enjoyment, even independent of my internal feelings? I should have wished, I do confess it, once, without his knowledge, to have seen him I loved so well. You know all my thoughts, aunt, and you know how he was entwined round my heart."

"He was indeed, my innocent, confiding child. You trusted all your earthly happiness to him," exclaimed Mrs. Nugent, bursting into tears.

"No, not all, dear aunt—I trusted my earthly, with my eternal happiness, where I shall not be deceived," said Emily, with holy confidence, looking upward. "But surely I had not made him too much an

idol? I was not wrong to love him as I did? Oh, no! amiable, noble, endearing as he was, he would not have been permitted so sedulously to seek my heart, if I was wrong in giving it."

"No, no, my dearest, it would have been cold, unfeeling to deny it. But where was his heart, when, deserting her who loved him so truly, he could take another in her place?"

"He did not desert me," exclaimed Emily; "you know it was I refused him—I gave him liberty. No, he did not faithlessly forsake me—he could not act so basely: he knew not that I loved him, and generosity towards Cécilia—he was so sensitive, so susceptible; he is not to blame." Emily spoke eagerly, but suddenly checking herself, she added, in a lower tone—"Ah! no, why had he encouraged her love? why did he not trust in me? Ah, aunt! see how necessary it was that I should be loosed from him, when I could excuse—admire a wrong action, because it was his."



In an uninterrupted calm, without incident, as without emotion, save those of pious gratitude for every daily blessing, passed the beginning of that winter, so differently spent by the inhabitants of Clanalvon Castle.

Looking forward to the time when Mrs. Nugent would so much need the consolations of friendship, Emily found pleasure in cultivating that of the excellent clergyman of the parish, and of the physician who attended her, with their wives and families.

The marriage of Charles Montague and Elizabeth, to both of whom the aunt and niece were affectionately attached, gave Emily a pleasure unmingled; but poor Mrs. Nugent, with a sigh, reflected, that thus happy she had once hoped to see her Emily.

Fondly as her heart still clung to the female part of the Clanalvon family, and interested as she was in all connected with them, Emily had felt it indelicate and imprudent, by writing to them, to bring her-

self to the memory of Clanalvon, until he left them to go with his wife on the Continent, and then anxiously she wished that it were possible for her, without his knowledge, to convey to Cecilia a few kind lines, expressive of her unchanged regard for her; but she was well aware that his attachment for her, however the power of fancy might for a time have conquered it, was too fixed and rooted in his breast to be roused by any tender recollection of her; without destruction to his present happiness.

The month of May was now far advanced; all around the neighbourhood of Mrs. Nugent began to breathe the gaiety of summer. It was in this month they had last seen the gay, happy, warm-hearted Olivia Fitzmaurice, and a letter from Maria Mansfield now conveyed the intelligence of Robert Howard's death, and her despairing affliction. Robert had always marked for Emily the most respectful regard; and she in return felt the strongest interest in his welfare; but trifling was

the real sorrow she experienced for him, compared with that which wrung her bosom for the situation of her beloved Olivia. As the sister of Clanalvon, she must have loved her, even though Olivia had not been in herself all that was endearing, and now, by the tenderest affection and sympathy, was dictated her letter to her friend; by all she had herself suffered, her feelings for others were rendered more acute. She did not know of the subsequent illness of Clanalvon; but scarcely had her feeble frame, and weakened spirits, begun to recover from the shock the fate of Howard and Olivia had given them, when, one day, as the friendly physician was reading to them the newspaper, in the hope of drawing Mrs. Nugent's mind from the one sad contemplation of Emily's failing strength, and Emily sat eagerly listening for something likely to interest her aunt, he read the following paragraph:—

“Died at T——, on the second of this month, regretted most by those who, by

intimacy, knew her innumerable virtues, at the early age of twenty-two years, Cecilia, lady of the right honourable the earl of Clanalvon, after the birth of a daughter and heiress. We regret to state, that this highly-esteemed and universally-admired young nobleman is considered, by his physicians, to be in a situation highly dangerous. We understand that Mr. and lady Elizabeth Montague left Dublin immediately on this afflictive intelligence, to console their inestimable relative. We rejoice to learn that the noble infant is doing well."

"Have I not heard you mention lady Elizabeth Montague, Miss Nugent?" said doctor Selby, when he had finished; but overwhelmed by the shock she had received, Emily sunk fainting in the arms of her aunt.

"She knew lady Clanalvon," said Mrs. Nugent.

Emily soon revived; but the sudden revulsion of her feelings, from praying for Clanalvon's happiness, as the husband of

Cecilia, to see him sinking into her grave, was too much for her; her affectionate heart too had never been estranged from her early friend; it was an event absolutely unexpected; in all her contemplations of the probable turns of fate, the idea of Cecilia's death had never occurred to her. Weak as she was, Emily's frame could not bear so great a shock: another long nervous fever was the consequence, and she recovered from it enfeebled to the most helpless degree.

Doctor Selby now, with tears, confessed to his family, that he feared medicine could be of but little avail to his interesting and beloved patient; another such shock, he said, must be the last.

One day, when she felt unusually debilitated, she asked doctor Selby to give her his candid opinion of her case.

"My dear child," he said, "to you alone, as the person most resigned to the decree of Heaven, I give my true opinion. You may recover—often, when I see your countenance sparkle with animation, I

think that it is more than possible; but I do not venture to expect it. You have shewn wonderful vitality of constitution in the recoveries you have already made; yet so feeble is your frame, so liable to injury from the slightest disturbance or irritation, that every passing breeze seems to threaten your life. I sometimes venture to hope that I may yet see you restored to health; but I would not feel surprised, in your present state, by your dying away in a few hours."

"Is it not a blessed manner for death to come?" said Emily, smiling; "sufficient possibility of recovery to spare me all the pangs of a certain separation from my aunt, yet not knowing but at the moment I speak, my spirit may soar above. I should wish to remain here at least another month; for my dearest aunt will then have kind friends in her own country—lady Clanalvon and lady Elizabeth Montague. However, that shall not make my mind uneasy; if they are not there, some other source of consolation will be

raised for her; but—but——” Her voice trembled, and she burst into tears, as she said—“She must not continue here—her heart would break so near my grave.”

“I have heard of happy deaths,” said doctor Selby, “where the sufferer longed to be gone, and watched every passing moment with delight and impatience, as bringing them to an end of their pains and sorrows in this world. Surely this kind of impatience is wrong, though not so much so as that which clings to earth; but you are not impatient—you rejoice in the eternal blessedness which opens to your view, yet rest calmly here, thankful for every moment of your stay. Oh, Miss Nugent! my most earnest prayer shall ever be, that I may attain this peaceful reliance on the will of Providence!”

Emily smiled.—“Do you remember,” said she, “the answer of your little Mary, when I asked her if she were glad to come home, and if she had been happy on her visit to her uncle?—‘I was,’ she said, ‘and I was glad every day I staid, be-

cause I love my aunt and uncle; but I was gladder when mamma sent for me, because I love her and papa better.' Such are my feelings now. Little Mary was grateful to her dear father for letting her remain with her cousins, but her heart was at home, and when she was brought there, she rejoiced yet more."

In this state of heavenly calm her mild spirit continued for a few succeeding weeks, no fretfulness or impatience aggravating her illness.

Catching the holy resignation of the sainted sufferer, no complaint ever broke from the lips of her afflicted aunt; she was ready to yield up her child.—“For what,” said she—“what is too great an offering to that bountiful Heaven which for eighteen years has blessed me with such an angel, and granted me to watch her last moments, and endeavour to imitate her sweet example?”

But Emily saw that she keenly felt the stroke, and sometimes wished that she



might have been permitted to comfort and support the declining years of her who had been the tenderest of guardians to her motherless infancy. At times also, when any circumstance called forth the energies of her mind, or awakened her playful fancy, her anxious physician suspected that something of nervous or mental depression contributed to the extreme debility which alarmed him; if so, there might yet be hope, but a hope so precarious, that he dared not communicate it to Mrs. Nugent, lest it should only serve to embitter disappointment.

His idea that her internal feelings affected her outward frame was soon confirmed, but in a manner that almost destroyed the hope which had accompanied it, by the effect produced on her by the letter of Clanalvon.

On first sight of the well-known writing, her emotion was such, that she was with difficulty preserved from fainting. When a little recovered, she begged to be left alone with her aunt, and holding the

yet-unopened letter in her hand, she said, in a tremulous tone, which struggled for composure—"I know what it contains; do not fear for me—it shall not make me vainly cling to life; happiness here can only raise my heart with still stronger gratitude to its Great Bestower. I shall be gratified to learn that he remembers past days. Do not—do not fear for me," she added, throwing her arms around her aunt.

Emily read the letter, and though at some passages her tears fell on the paper, her countenance retained its heavenly serenity unabated.—"I shall see him," she exclaimed, when she had finished, with one of those luminous smiles on which he had so often hung; "I shall see him—I know I shall; it is for that I have so long been spared. Ought I not to be grateful? Oh, aunt, how all contributes to my happiness! Perhaps he may be here to-morrow—perhaps this very day."

"No, my love," said Mrs. Nugent, in-

tent on calming her perturbed spirits, "he will not leave home until he has had time to receive your prohibition, should you wish not to see him. You will see him, my love—you will be spared to see him again; but it is impossible that he should yet arrive."

Vain however were her precautions; she continued in a state of fluttered joy, starting, and changing colour at every sound, while a smile of sweet serenity would play on her features, with the delightful confidence that she would not die until she saw him.

Towards evening she sunk into long and repeated swoonings; and as doctor Selby thought on the horror of Mrs. Nugent's feelings, should she unexpectedly find her child a lifeless corpse in her arms, he felt it best to warn her, that he thought it probable, in one of these suspensions of the faculties, Emily's gentle spirit would take its flight.

For three succeeding days these faint-

ings continued, with the intermission of five or six hours at a time, and in these intervals Emily conversed calmly, and did not appear much more debilitated than she had been.

On the morning of the twelfth of September, as she lay, weak and helpless, on a couch in the drawing-room, she turned to her aunt—"Do you know," she said, "this is the anniversary of his birth? he is twenty-three to-day. This day year we were just settled in Devonshire, and I was in all the agitation of that miserable summer. This day two years I was gaily dancing with him at Clanalvon Castle—happy in so many hopes; and this day I am on my journey home—happy, happy now, and expecting only joy hereafter and for ever."

As she spoke, and fervently clasping her weak hands, raised her eyes to heaven, Catherine Murphy entered, and said that her mistress was wanted.

"It is he, it is he!" said Emily, in a

low and indistinct voice, sinking back on the sofa.

Mrs. Nugent looked at her, and silently left the room.

With one arm he clasped his child to his breast, while the other was thrown round a pillar in the hall for support; his face was bent over the infant, and concealed from the sight of Mrs. Nugent.

Scarcely could she know, in the emaciated form, convulsed and quivering with mental agony, the graceful, agile, yet firm and dignified figure of the young earl of Clanalvon. She regarded him for a moment; she saw him no longer as the cruel deserter of her child; he was only remembered as the dear generous boy who had once been dearer to her than all the world, except her own Emily.—“Clanalvon,” she kindly said, while her tears bedewed the hand she took; “dear, dear Clanalvon, will you not speak to your friend?”

“And are you my friend?—and does

she yet live," exclaimed he, wildly fixing his eyes upon her face.

"Be calm," she said; "she does live—she is willing to see you; but, alas——"

"I come to see her die," interrupted Clanalvon. "I bring this child to receive her dying blessing. I know it; and will she bless *my* child? can she forgive me? Oh, Mrs. Nugent, I have suffered much!"

"She is all forgiveness," said Mrs. Nugent. "Come to her, Clanalvon, and bring your dear infant to her; but do not, by your agony, disturb the last moments of my child. She loves you still, Clanalvon—truly she does."

He paused for a moment, then, with a violent effort over his feelings, desired to be led to her.

By every argument of reason and piety Emily had endeavoured to command her emotion at the idea of seeing him, and the sweet and holy serenity of her thoughts shone on her countenance as they entered.

Clanalvon gazed on the wasted form of

the once gay and beautiful Emily Nugent, with an intensity as if his soul were in his eyes. Suddenly advancing, he placed the child beside her, and, without speaking, was rushing from the apartment.

“Do not go,” said Emily.

The voice so long unheard acted like magic on him. He stopped. Falling on his knees beside the sofa, he grasped her pallid hand, and tears, which he could not control, fell unrestrained upon it.

“This is not the composure you promised me, Clanalvon,” said Mrs. Nugent; “calm your impetuous feelings, or she will be instantly destroyed.”

“I will—I must be calm now,” he exclaimed, rising; then collecting himself, he added—“I will leave her for a moment.”

Emily clasped his hand, while eagerly, though with gasping breath, she said—  
“Return soon.”

Without daring to look at her again, he went; and Emily sinking on the bo-

som of her aunt, for the first time since her illness, sobbed hysterically.—“ It is joy, it is joy,” she exclaimed, as Mrs. Nugent strained her to her heart.

“ But not the calm peaceful joy of yesterday, my love,” said the aunt.

“ No, it is another kind of feeling; but still it is joy, it is thankfulness,” said Emily, raising to heaven her eyes, which smiled through their tears.

After a few minutes he returned, with a gloomy forced composure on his countenance, which, though flushed before, was now pale as marble.

Emily extended to him her hand, with a look of former days. He slowly advanced.—“ I am now calm,” he said; “ my impetuous feelings shall never hurt you more: were you to expire before my eyes, no tear or exclamation shall disturb you. There will be time enough for lamentations that will not reach your ear. I have been your murderer, Emily. I do not suffer more than I know I deserve; yet



one favour I have to ask, to which, even in madness, I might turn for consolation. 'Tell me, Emily, do you love me still?'

"I do, Clanalvon," she replied, "dearly, tenderly love you. Oh! I would open all my heart to you, if I thought it would be a future comfort to you when I am gone."

"When you are gone, Emily, there is no future for me," he said, in the still monotonous voice with which he endeavoured to veil his feelings; never had his most animated accents of love sunk so deeply to the heart of Emily.

"Clanalvon," said Mrs. Nugent, who, as she supported her, felt the emotion his words excited in her trembling frame; "this is not real tenderness. What avails it to command your voice and manner, if you rend her heart by these expressions of agony?"

"Oh, aunt, forgive him!" said Emily, fondly laying her hand on his arm; "he suffers much, and tries to control his feelings. But, Clanalvon, dearest Clanalvon,

my state is not hopeless yet. My dear physician says, that weakness is my most dangerous symptom, and I feel my strength revive in seeing you. See," added she, smiling, "I am able to raise this darling baby, and bid you press it to your heart, and find comfort in it, should you lose every other."

Again he lost all self-command, and sobbed audibly, and in uncontrolled agony, for several minutes; while Emily, exhausted by the exertion, rested in the arms of her aunt. At length she said—"Clanalvon, I am not doomed to death—it is probable, but not certain; but whatever the event may be, let us be prepared to meet it, not as the wild slaves of sensibility, but as the willing servants of an unerring Power, which afflicts only in mercy. Do not now forget in me the claims your mother, your infant, and poor Olivia, have on your care and tenderness: they cannot be happy, if you are miserable. I have much—much more to say,"

she added, in a feeble voice, sinking back on the sofa; "but I cannot."

Clanalvon's head had been bent on his hands in the stillness of agony, and he dared not now raise it.

"Look," said Mrs. Nugent, solemnly.

He raised his eyes. Never, in brightest days of human happiness, had such smiles beamed on the countenance of Emily as now illumined it; her whole face seemed glowing with the light of Heaven—her beatified spirit, not yet ascended, seemed hovering in smiles around her exhausted form. He gazed on her as he would have done on her disembodied spirit, had it, after death, appeared to him. Still, motionless, his eyes were fixed on hers, of which the holy glances turned from him to heaven, and from heaven to him.

Doctor Selby, who, since his usual hour of attendance, had been waiting in the adjoining room, now entered, and desired to be left alone with his patient and one female servant.

As Mrs. Nugent carried the infant from the room, she placed it in the arms of the sobbing Catherine Murphy, to save her from a scene for which she saw she was unfit; thus, in the deepest of all possible anguish, considerate of the feelings of others.

With a step, slow, solemn—scarcely like that of a living creature, Clanalvon reached the apartment which Mrs. Nugent entered, and for some minutes he remained standing in that intensity of anguish, under the weight of which distinctness of perception is almost lost in stupefaction.

A shriek from the adjoining apartment, echoed by the before-almost-palsied lips of Mrs. Nugent, awakened him from this lethargy of sorrow. He sunk on the ground—his brain became confused—he scarcely could recollect all the horror of the event which overpowered him.

Mrs. Nugent flew to him; the violent heaving of his breast alone proclaimed that life was not extinct.

A few minutes had thus elapsed, when

doctor Selby entered the room. So completely was all hope extinguished in Clanalvon's breast, that he felt no emotion in seeing him; Mrs. Nugent had not believed that she entertained a shadow of hope, yet her eyes turned on him with a look of inquiry, to which she dared not give utterance.

"She lives," said doctor Selby. "Her having survived so far gives some ground for hope of ultimate recovery; but do not fix your hearts on it too strenuously; be resigned, as is the angel-sufferer. She is now tranquil, but completely exhausted: her feelings must not be awakened. I must banish lord Clanalvon until she acquires a little strength."

"But if," faltered lord Clanalvon; "but if——"

The kind-hearted physician caught his meaning, and, taking his hand, he said—"If we are compelled to give up hope, there will be no more need of precaution."

With the faint hope these words conveyed, Clanalvon remained alone, while

Mrs. Nugent resumed her station at the side of her beloved invalid. She lay in deathlike languor, the sweet smile which occasionally played on her countenance being at times the only indication of existence; at others, her anxious attendants watched her breath, to see if she still lived. At length she sunk gradually into a calm and easy slumber, and doctor Selby having whispered to Mrs. Nugent his hope that she would awake from it revived, withdrew, to convey the same consolation to Clanalvon. The still torpor of hopeless anguish now dissolved in floods of tears, and the benevolent physician assuring him that she was in perfect safety for the present, prevailed on him to return to his mother, who, he had learned from the nurse who came for the child, was under extreme anxiety.

In a state of doubtful convalescence, Emily remained two days, before doctor Selby entertained any confidence of her eventful recovery—a period passed by Clanalvon in the most torturing state of

fluctuating hopes and fears, without seeing her, the physician having strictly prohibited the slightest emotion. Even after the second day, when she had recovered sufficient strength to be conscious of what was passing round her, and to press the hand of her aunt with tenderness, he would not permit the exertion of speech; but once on that evening, she broke through the injunction of silence, by whispering to Mrs. Nugent (who had previously removed from her mind the painful impression Clanalvon's agony had left there, by telling her that her physician had given him all the consolation of hope)—“Tell him, dear aunt, that I wish to live.”

∴ The day following, doctor Selby asked her, ‘could she, who had so long lived as though dead to this world, be resigned to remaining with her friends, as he saw every reason to expect she would do?’

“Oh, more than resigned!” said Emily; “I am thankful for a life which I now hope may be valuable to many that are dear to me. Will my beloved aunt,” she

added, extending her hand to her, "forgive me, that I was so willing to leave her?"

"Oh, Emily," said Mrs. Nugent, "at that time, whenever I could for a moment banish all selfish feeling, I scarcely wished myself that you should live."

"I have been blessedly led on," said Emily, looking upward, after a pause; "when I was deprived of all my heart had principally fixed on here, I was spared the dreary prospect of a long and joyless life, and now when earthly blessings are richly poured upon me, I am restored to them. I lived *in* heaven then—I trust I shall live *for* heaven now."

Emily smiled; and with a sensation of sublimated joy, Mrs. Nugent observed in her own mind, that those smiles which a few days before she had regarded as the visions of hovering angels, ready to bear her pure spirit to heaven, now illumined her countenance, to cast a beam of heaven on worldly happiness; and that the child whom she had endeavoured to per-



suade herself to resign, as too holy for this life, was formed to be its chief blessing to all connected with her.

Emily, who, when doubtful of her recovery, had rather dreaded than wished to see Clanalvon, now requested of doctor Selby that he might be admitted, which her affectionate friend granted, on condition that not one word should be uttered on either side.

At the moment when her desire to see him was conveyed to Clanalvon, in an adjoining apartment, he was listening to the most minute accounts of her from Catherine, and eagerly endeavouring to distinguish her voice in conversation with doctor Selby. It were, indeed, impossible to describe his feelings, as, for several minutes, he held her hand in his, silently gazing on her countenance; at length, feeling a degree of emotion rising in his breast, which he feared would be visible to, and agitate her, he relinquished it, and, without having uttered a word, he left the room.—“ I trust I am thankful to

"Heaven," he said to Mrs. Nugent, who accompanied him to the door; then, fervently grasping her hand, he burst into tears of gratitude and tenderness, and hastily retired.

For the two following days Clanalvon was admitted in the same manner, to satisfy his anxiety—to judge himself of her appearance; and after this period doctor Selby told her that on his next visit she might speak to him.

He entered the room without knowing that the injunction was removed; she gave him her hand, and, smiling, said—"Clanalvon, I may now bless you, and ask you to bring your dear mother and baby to visit your friend, without risking the life I wish to preserve for you."

The heart-thrilling delight with which he heard the first tones of her voice, increased as he heard her mention his mother, in a manner so much more affectionate than his conscience told him she deserved; the mingled emotions of joy and admiration for a moment impeded his

utterance; and when he spoke, the agitated transport of his words and manner drew on him the gentle admonitions of Mrs. Nugent, who desired that no subject interesting to the feelings of any of the party should be touched on; and after about half-an-hour of conversation, in which, under this restriction, each asked questions, rather from a wish to hear the voice of the other, than from any regard to the answers, they parted, with the promise, that if she continued so well, she should see lady Clanalvon and the little Emily Cecilia the following day.

Though possessed herself of a generous and forgiving spirit, lady Clanalvon dreaded, in the idea of meeting Emily, that however the piety and sweetness of her mind might make her forgive the unkindness she was conscious of towards her, yet that the remembrance of it would check that full and fond affection with which she had once loved and admired her; and notwithstanding the efforts of her son to drive the gloom from her brow,

without appearing to perceive it, it was with painful and agitated feelings she accompanied him on the visit; but when they reached the apartment where Emily lay, the smile with which she raised herself, to embrace lady Clanalvon, spoke far more than forgiveness—it expressed an utter oblivion of all that required it.

Lady Clanalvon, deeply touched by the altered looks and affectionate manner of Emily, threw her arms around her, calling her the dear, adopted child of her heart, and then wept over her in silence.

Emily chiefly mentioned her illness to speak of the rapidity of her recovery, and seemed no longer to recollect that lady Clanalvon had ever been other than a second parent to her; but all Mrs. Nugent's efforts, for the sake of her niece, to banish painful remembrance of the past, failed to give to her manner towards lady Clanalvon the benign sweetness it in general so peculiarly possessed, and this, after the first agitation of meeting Emily was over, lady Clanalvon felt.

When she was going, Mrs. Nugent left the room with her.—“ I perceived,” she said, “ that you were greatly shocked at first sight of my poor child.”

“ I was indeed,” replied lady Clanalvon. “ Oh, my dear Mrs. Nugent, I did not expect to find her so sadly changed !”

“ Yet you could not expect,” said the aunt, “ to meet again the same beautiful, fascinating Emily which affliction found her.”

“ Truly !” exclaimed lady Clanalvon, with renewed tears; “ I, who have seen my own bright Olivia fade under its blighting influence, could not expect that sorrow would leave uninjured a creature of such sensibility—such feeling, as Emily Nugent.”

All Mrs. Nugent’s coldness vanished, and, taking her hand, she kindly said—“ My dear friend, I trust you will yet see your sweet Olivia raised, as it were from the dead, as I have seen my Emily.”

In the next day’s visit Emily ventured to make inquiries respecting Olivia, and

expressed her anxious wish once more to see her and Elizabeth.—“ Oh,” she said, “ when I thought myself going, I sometimes believed that I loved my friends too little, I felt such unbroken happiness in the idea of death! but now I feel my heart glow with new affection towards them, as if I had never loved till now. I cannot feel my happiness perfectly complete, until Lizzy, Charles, and my dear Olivia, are with me. Olivia never—never forgot me !”

Lady Clanalvon bent her head at the unintended reproach, and her son, checking a sigh, replied—“ Never, indeed! and it was your letter, Emily, written to console Olivia for her loss, which first raised me from despondence sufficiently to enable me to seek the happiness I found.”

“ It was that letter, angel Emily,” said lady Clanalvon, “ which restored the wandering reason of my darling child.”

Emily smiled, and timidly said—“ The writer of that letter was the happy instru-

ment which Heaven used to work its gracious purpose."

Though her strength was so far recovered as to leave no present fear, doctor Selby was uneasy, lest the repeated agitation at every time she saw Clanalvon, should impede the progress of her recovery, and thought that his absence for a few weeks would be advisable; he also thought that it was necessary to the re-establishment of her health, that she should remain in the mild climate of Devonshire, and under his immediate care, for the ensuing winter; and as lady Clanalvon, as well as her son, was determined not to return, for any time, to Ireland without her, it was agreed that Clanalvon should go there, to bring Olivia to her ever-dear friend, when all should settle in Devonshire until the next summer, when they were to proceed to Clanalvon Castle.

Long used to affliction, he felt, at the moment of leaving his so newly-found happiness, a kind of dread that it would va-

nish "like fairy gifts melting away;" but the daily letters of either his mother or Mrs. Nugent, assuring him of Emily's continuing recovery, banished the unfounded fear; and when Olivia met her brother, she smiled to observe that his animated countenance had regained somewhat of its former brilliancy. Her own appearance, though sadly different from what it had been one year before, was greatly better than when he had last seen her. Her attachment to Howard's memory was unabated, but she had learned, as a duty, to seek enjoyment in other things.—"I shall be quite happy, my dearest brother," she said, smiling, the day of his arrival. "I never can know the kind of affection *he* possessed; but I can love you, my darling Emily, mamma, Lizzy, my little niece, and dear kind Charles; and in seeing you all happy, I shall be so—and I know Emily will make me feel as if I contributed to the general felicity."



“ And you will do so,” said Clanalvon; “ she said she could not feel her happiness perfect until you shared it. But, dearest Olivia, among those who have a claim on your affection, surely you cannot forget lord O'Donnell, who, as a friend, has participated in all your affliction, with as much tenderness as I could have done.”

“ Few,” she replied, “ have so high a place in my esteem and gratitude, and his happiness is one of the objects of my dearest wishes.”

“ There is but one way of promoting it,” thought her brother, but he felt it was too soon to speak to her on the subject.

His long absence from home, and his continued uneasiness of mind, had left a great arrear of business, which, on first going, Clanalvon hoped might be accomplished in a few days; but by various unavoidable delays, it was prolonged until the weather was so severe, as to make a long journey, and a sea voyage, an undertaking too great for the delicate health of Olivia; and with a disinterested considera-

tion, very different from the impetuosity of his former character, he determined to wait for her until a more safe time of year. Formerly his imagination would have represented to him that the feelings of Emily would be wounded, her health perhaps injured, by his delay, and, in his zeal to prevent these evils, would have overlooked the tender caution which the enfeebled health and spirits of his sister required; now he viewed things in a more rational light, and looked to the approving smile of Emily, as a sweet reward for the sacrifice love had made to fraternal care.

To spare Olivia the pain of feeling herself a restraint on him, he did not let her know that his business was so far arranged as to permit his departure; and frequently during the many hours they now spent together, he drew her from melancholy contemplations, by engaging her in interesting conversation, and sometimes even led her to something of her former playfulness.

Montague and lady Elizabeth, who had remained in town with her, on account of lady Clanalvon's necessary absence, a few days after the arrival of their brother, left her entirely to his care; but they did not return to their own home until they had had the happiness of observing the improvement renovated hope had made on his appearance, and the beneficial effect of that improvement on the spirits of their drooping sister.

In a will made before Clanalvon's illness, Cecilia had left the entire of her large property to him, but, with feelings of tender gratitude, Clanalvon now arranged that half should be yearly laid up for her daughter, and half during his life, after which the whole was to descend to the child, dedicated to those purposes of charity of which he had heard her speak with most approbation.

Now that his mind was calmed respecting Emily, many endearing recollections of Cecilia often called forth a sigh of regret for her unhappy fate, which, with

exultation in the excellence of his Emily, he felt would rather receive her approbation, than pain her affection. Cecilia's gentle disposition and ardent attachment had indeed won his grateful fondness. He knew her faults; but he felt her virtues, and without one sentiment of idolizing love straying from his perfect Emily, he could sigh with pitying remembrance of the sweetness and unhappiness of Cecilia.

The winter happened to be remarkably severe, heavy snows falling until the end of January; and the determination of remaining with Olivia was almost overcome by his excessive impatience to be with Emily, and to see in his child that improvement on which she dwelt with delight in every letter. He had, however, learned not to sacrifice others to the indulgence of his own feelings; he saw that Emily was made happy in his absence, by a consciousness that it was prolonged by the fulfilment of duties; and it was not until the beginning of March that,

with Olivia, he left Dublin to return to Devonshire.

The pleasure with which she looked forward to her stay there, enabled her, without injury, to bear the journey, the fatigues of which were lightened by every tender attention in her fond and considerate brother, who, eagerly as his heart panted for the conclusion of his journey, frequently retarded it, when she would have been willing to exert herself, for his sake, lest another stage should be too much for her.

It was dark when they reached Mrs. Nugent's seat; but as the chariot drove up the avenue, it was heard by the inmates; and Emily was of the group who ran out to welcome them. The dye of health was beginning to glow on her cheek; her eyes sparkled as they had formerly done; and her light step had regained its elastic firmness.

Olivia did not interrupt the rapture with which Clanalvon regarded her, by once betraying the agitation she felt in

seeing the Nugents for the first time since the death of Robert; she even delighted her mother and Emily by one of her former smiles, as she threw herself from the embrace of one to that of the other.

“Where is my child?” said Clanalvon, looking round when he entered the drawing-room, still holding the hand of Emily. “She only is wanting.”

Alike anxious to shew her little favourite to her father, and to engage the attention of her dear Olivia, whose thoughts she justly guessed were fixed on one sad image, however her kind consideration for others might make her wish to conceal it, Emily flew for the infant, and immediately returned with it, still sleeping, in her arms. She placed it in those of its father, and called on Olivia to observe it.

Olivia fondly caressed it, and exclaimed — “Oh, how like her forehead is to Cecilia’s!”

“It is indeed,” said Emily, with a smothered sigh, and kissing it.

A few days spent in Devonshire served

to convince Clanalvon that all anxiety about Emily might now be at an end; and necessary arrangements with his agents calling him to the estates of Cecilia, which lay in a distant part of England, he then left them once more, to terminate, he hoped, the last business which would ever force him from them. Fresh delays here detained him, so that the month of May had commenced before he was enabled to return to the long-extinguished smiles of Emily.

The intermediate time had served to increase, if possible, the mutual attachment of Olivia and Emily, and to convince lady Clanalvon, that in Emily she would find a third, and, she sometimes thought, a favourite daughter.

The little Emily Cecilia had completed her first year, and holding the hands of Emily and Olivia, walked out to receive her father on his return. By Emily she had been taught to pronounce the word "papa;" and never did mother more exultingly enjoy the improvement of her

own child, than did Emily the increasing beauty and endearment of the motherless baby.

Far from feeling pain that Clanalvon should tenderly remember Cecilia, Emily would have felt him wanting in gratitude towards her for her devoted attachment, had she not observed, that his lovely child was dearer to him from the likeness she bore her mother; and Emily herself, besides the attachment to an affectionate and endearing infant natural to an amiable mind, loved her, as Cecilia had said, for her mother's, as well as her father's sake.

As a just testimony of respect to the memory of Cecilia, it was determined that the union of Clanalvon and Emily should not take place until two years after her decease; in the meantime they frequently amused themselves with arranging plans for their future life. It was agreed that lady Clanalvon and Mrs. Nugent should always continue to reside with them, and that Olivia should consider Clanalvon



Castle her home, as the frequent visits there, promised by Charles and Elizabeth, would prevent the pain of a separation from them.

With cheerful pleasure they looked forward to their return to the neighbourhood which had, for several years, been equally that of the two families, and where they hoped to renew their intimacy with many estimable friends, and agreeable acquaintance. They also offered many inducements to doctor Selby to add his family to the number of both.

It had long been Clanalvon's opinion, that in the present state of these countries, an Irish nobleman, of large fortune, could be of more effectual benefit to his country, by improving the situation and habits of his own tenantry and neighbourhood, than by engaging in the doubtful intricacies of politics; to their home therefore all their views were directed. Various institutions were planned, and lines of superintendence marked out for each member of the family, carefully selecting for Olivia those offi-

ces which, by interesting her feelings, were most calculated to remove that sense of desolation with which youth looks back to its blighted hopes.

Through all their arrangements, Emily frequently appealed to the judgment and taste of lady Clanalvon, as if she had been still mistress of her son's house, and looked with the humility of a child to the enlightened and experienced counsels of her beloved aunt.

The recollection of his early errors, which his excessive sensibility aggravated into crimes of the blackest hue, alone clouded the happiness of Clanalvon.—“ Oh, Emily,” said he, one day, when he was alone with her, “ Olivia's looks distract me! How different was the soul-cheering influence of her sunny smiles, from the sickly gleam of doubtful pleasure which now plays on her lips! Poor Robert too, who once hung with such delight on those smiles, cold in the grave! Is it not distracting to a brother's heart,

to think that I—I, so beloved by both, have caused all this?"

"Dearest Clanalvon," replied Emily, "you have nothing to reproach yourself with, in respect to your fellow-creatures: on every occasion you have acted as kindness and benevolence seemed to dictate; but in your benevolence you have followed a blind, inadequate guide; in the excess of feeling for the object which pressed on your ever kind and open heart, you forgot the perfect justice which principle requires; in your kind generous wish to withdraw lord Belville from sin, you made him your constant companion, forgetting the injustice towards those who might be led to follow his steps, as your chosen friend."

"Poor, poor Howard!" exclaimed Clanalvon.

Emily continued—"Turn not to the right hand or to the left; there is a certain path, from which, if we stray, even to do what, to our weak conceptions, seems

more poble, we must be wrong. This beautiful path, which guards us from that excessive sensibility towards one object, which excludes others from their just share of our care, the light of religion illumines. Religion's holy beams fix on it alone—their lustre glances not to one side or the other. Your friend now feels," raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, "that your heart was always full of kindness and tenderness towards him; so indeed it has ever been towards all creatures,"

"It has," said Clanalvon. "Yet how many have I injured!"

"Some have suffered by you," said Emily, with a smile of former playfulness; "but, as poor Mrs. Fagan once said, 'it was only your lordship's goodness done it.' Seriously some have suffered by you, and through the very kindness of your feelings towards them; as to serve one interesting individual, you have sometimes forgotten the injury done the many, so, in respect to the individual, to gratify one feeling which particularly

touched you, you have too often overlooked the general good of the object of your benevolence."

"I understand my Emily," said Clan-alvon; "her own example illustrates her lesson. At this moment the indulgence you at once so kindly commend, and so tenderly reprove in me, would prompt your heart to soothe and flatter mine, by blinding me to my own failings; but that more exalted benevolence from which justice is inseparable, leads you to point them out, in order to correct them."

Emily turned on him her eyes, in which the very purity of truth and candour seemed to reign; and putting her hand in his, she said—"I have enough of the weakness I would reprove to have spared you this lecture, did I not know your noble nature sufficiently, to be well aware that by it I should not cast one cloud over your dear affection; but the noblest dispositions, the highest intentions of rectitude, will not suffice to awake benevolence in a heart naturally cold, or to guide

it aright in one of kindlier mould; for this we must look to a higher Power—it is only by constant intercourse with Heaven—it is only by keeping eternity so habitually in view, as to connect with every fleeting moment, every passing incident of this transient life, that we can be enabled to combine justice and benevolence together, in the fullest extent of each, without ever suffering the one to trespass on the other.”

Thus did she calm the bitterness of his feelings, and guide him to that healing penitence which, in leading the heart to the only source of good, effaces the very errors it laments. The life of holy communion she described was hers. Heaven seemed to mingle in all her concerns for herself and others; eternity seemed linked with time in all her thoughts and views; her pure spirit seemed to dwell in a region high above the petty vexations, contentions, and competitions of this life, and to be bound to earth only by the ties of affection and benevolence; like the daugh-

ter of Jairus, who, after having caught a glance of the heavenly glories, was recalled, in pity to the sorrows of her afflicted parents.

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THE  
*HEIRESS OF CASTLEBROOK;*  
OR,  
FAMILY PRIDE.

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*A Tale founded on Fact.*

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To give society its highest taste;  
Well-ordered home, man's best delight to make;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle, care-eluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life—  
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON.

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THE

## *Heiress of Castlebrook.*

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**P**ROUDLY did the haughty breast of lady Augusta Delamore swell in the triumphant consciousness of beauty, as she cast a last glance on her mirror, preparing to descend to the apartments where she would be the magnet of universal attraction. Her nurse sighed as she looked at her.

“Why do you sigh, Morton?” asked her young lady, kindly.

“I thought, madam, of poor Mr. Vilars. What would he say, if he saw you to-day?”

A higher blush mantled on her cheek, as, suppressing a struggling sigh, she haughtily said—"This is a subject, Morton, on which I wish you rather to remember your real situation, than to speak with the freedom which on all others I admit from you."

The unhappy passion of Villars was at that moment an unwelcome intruder on her thoughts. As she descended the staircase, she smiled at the idea of the approaching meeting with her cousin lord Harcourt. She remembered, when they had been last together, his almost-rude neglect of her, and unconcealed preference of hounds, horses, and the old blind fiddler; and now she exulted in the approaching triumph of her charms over his indifference; she remembered the glory with which military renown had adorned his name since their parting, and the expected triumph became grateful to higher feelings than those of vanity. Curiosity to see the rough unmannered schoolboy, trans-

formed into the far-famed hero, and the polished gentleman, mingled something of archness with the dignified expression of her countenance, as she opened the drawing-room door.

Lord Harcourt started with surprise on her entrance, and as he advanced towards her, he exclaimed—"Can this really be lady Augusta?"

"It is," replied her father, piqued by an observation which seemed to cast an imputation on her former promise of loveliness. "Did you expect to see her still but twelve years old?"

"No," said lord Harcourt, colouring; "but so grown, so improved, so——"

He stopped, not knowing what farther to say; he was aware that it is unpolite to tell a lady, in direct terms, that she is beautiful; and he was not in sufficient habits of intimacy with the sex to imply this opinion without saying it. His manner, however, had implied it more effectually than the best-turned compliment could

have done—father, mother, and daughter, perceived all that he felt, and more than he felt, of the power of his cousin's beauty, and she graciously intimated her remembrance of former acquaintance, by observing that he was as much grown as she could be.

In France lord Harcourt had learned to consider women rather as objects of admiration than of friendly intercourse—rather as idols to be worshipped than companions to be loved and confided in. Marriage had never formed part in his plans of happiness; he did not regard woman in the endearing light of the partner of the heart—the softener of affliction—the charmer of felicity—the tender partaker of every feeling; and he felt repugnant to a state which would render his comfort subservient to the caprices of a being who, while incapable of the free communion of mind with mind, the kindly intercourse of feeling in which he delighted, would feel neglected and unkindly treated, if he

did not give them up to become her adorer.

On his return to England, however, he found that his father had set his heart on seeing him the husband of the beautiful heiress of the illustrious earldom of Castlebrook. This title was among the few that descend in the female line; the present earl had neither brother or sister, and of several children born to him, not one had survived but lady Augusta, who was perfectly free from the constitutional delicacy which had sent so many of her little predecessors to an early grave. The mother of lord Harcourt, now deceased, was the only first cousin of lord Castlebrook, so that her son stood next in the succession to lady Augusta.

Lord Castlebrook, feeling that the death of four children, all of complaints nearly similar, had given the family of lord Ennerdale such strong grounds to expect a continuance of the same fatality, considered it almost an act of justice to bestow on

lord Harcourt his daughter, with the coronet and estates, which she, contrary to all probability, had lived to deprive him of in his own right; and in the same opinion his lady more than acquiesced; she seemed as ardently desirous to promote the marriage, as if she could have imagined herself liable to reproach for having unexpectedly reared one child out of a number born for the grave.

Lord Harcourt at first expressed his extreme unwillingness to enter into the matrimonial state; but as his father pressed it anxiously, as he knew it was a desire with which he must at some period comply, and as he understood lady Augusta Delamore to be more deserving of the homage she required than most other women, he soon consented to become her suitor, and set off for Castlebrook.

He was now struck by her dazzling beauty, admired the graceful dignity of her manner, and the lofty majesty of her

mien ; and ere he retired to rest, he wrote to inform his father that, could he love lady Augusta as much as he admired her, he should no longer dread his union with her.—“ But still,” he added, “ she is a woman. I never saw one so lovely ; but she is a woman—she must be the object of every thing ; a glance turned on another—even her father or his spaniel, brings a frown to her beautiful brow ; the slightest inattention some sarcasm from her lips. While I thought only of her, I found her charming ; but the moment I looked away, I was reminded that she is a woman. However, she very good-humouredly chatted with me, notwithstanding my utter inability to carry on the strain of compliment to which she has been accustomed. I felt much embarrassed under my new character of a lover, but got off altogether better than I expected.

“ For domestic happiness she seems as little fitted as the rest of her beautiful



self-adoring sex ; she can never be what you describe my mother to have been, or what her lovely mother is, though even she has not the ardour of domestic affection which I should conceive the source of happiness in marriage, but rather seems to love her daughter with pride than fondness. Lady Augusta is a woman who will politely and gracefully receive my friends, and will not, as I feared, prevent my intercourse with them. Indeed I hope I shall not make so great a sacrifice in obeying my dear father as I apprehended."

During breakfast next morning, lord Harcourt still "got off" better than he could have hoped ; but soon after, conceiving the morning hours at his own disposal, he retired to the library, and there, fascinated by the book he had taken up, he continued, forgetful of love, lady Augusta, and all the pomp of Castlebrook, until lady Augusta herself entered, to seek some favourite author. Harcourt sprung from his seat, and asked, had he long been there ?

"I really cannot inform your lordship," she haughtily replied; "but I am very happy that Castlebrook contains *something* capable of giving you pleasure."

Harcourt felt confused, and his expressive countenance reflected every feeling.

His fair cousin smiled.—"I wished to ask another question of lord Harcourt," she said—"May I inquire how long was your residence among the Hottentots, in which you so well acquired their habits?"

Lord Harcourt, whose ideas of a lover's proper devotion were very high, felt that he indeed deserved reproof, and blushing deeply, not knowing what to say, yet feeling silence rude, exclaimed, as she approached the bookcases—"Do you read, lady Augusta?"

"Yes," she replied; "you thought, I suppose, that I was one of your favourite ladies—a Hottentot Venus perhaps?" and she glanced her bright eyes on a mirror near.

"A Venus of the fabled bards of old,"

thought Harcourt; but fearful of farther offending, he was silent.

Gracefully curtseying as she passed him, lady Augusta left the room. A new excitement was now given to render her yet more desirous to make lord Harcourt her captive; she saw that his ideas of women were low, and determined to be the person to raise them; but vanity, with its usual blinding effect, prevented her discerning the true means of engaging a heart which her virtues might have won, but which turned away, pained and dazzled by the coquettish brilliancy with which she endeavoured to subdue rather than attach it. We may admire, but we can never love the person in whose society we feel admiration more called on than the heart.

Lady Augusta saw that her cousin admired her beauty and her talents, and she determined he should adore them. Adorned by taste, and glowing in elated vanity, she again met him.

Never, he thought, had he seen any

thing so beautiful; but the awkwardness he felt in the necessity he conceived himself under of telling her so, prevented his feeling the full force of her attractions; and when after dinner he forgot his duty, so far as to enter on a political discussion with her father, he felt all his terrors of his present situation realized, in the frown which clouded her fair brow.

It was a subject on which, alone with her father and his contemporary associates, lady Augusta could have entered with animated pleasure—on which she could have displayed all the powers of her flowing eloquence—all the brilliancy of her varied talents—all the energy of her patriotic heart; nay, more, it was a subject she would very probably have chosen to display them to lord Harcourt; but it had already been started—he had already shewed his lively interest in it, both as a statesman and a Briton, and she felt that her triumph would be but half complete, if she joined in the pursuit he had chosen for himself, instead of leading him to those

she should point out; she would have preferred bending her lofty mind to the discussion of a lap-dog, or a head-dress, to receiving from him information on the subjects she most enjoyed, unless that information was offered expressly for her gratification; but if he seemed disposed to trifle, then indeed some remark was ready to turn the conversation to a higher channel, and make him blush for his childish levity. The devoted attachment she sought to excite she had once inspired, and she determined to inspire it again, in one more suited to her rank.

Lord Harcourt retired for the night, hating women more than ever, yet still admiring lady Augusta as the brightest ornament of the sex.

The next morning he, with lord Castlebrook, was to attend her on a ride, to visit some part of the estate, about two miles distant, which was now planting.

Lady Augusta was in high spirits; she saw that Harcourt felt the full brilliancy of her charms, and she forcibly banished

every recollection which might have made her less happy in the conquest of her noble and universally-admired suitor; she would not think on the faded cheek, the wasted form of George Villars, for she was well aware that she could not think of them without feelings very different from those she now wished to rule her breast; and if, as she pointed out to her prosperous lover the scenes on which George had lingered, because they had been visited by her, one sigh swelled her bosom, she checked it as a trespass against the dignity of her name and station.

Harcourt admired and felt gratified by her manner to the labourers they addressed; there her kindness could be only graceful condescension, and lady Augusta, cold and supercilious to those in the higher ranks, yet beneath her own, was to them cordial and conciliating. He felt during this ride more ease in paying the homage she required than he had yet done; but many melancholy reflections crossed his

mind, on the want of real confiding friendship in the future partner of his life. It was impossible to imagine the proud form of Augusta cradling in her bosom her sleeping babe—her majestic step treading with soft and cautious movement in the chamber of sickness—her brilliant manners and pointed wit relaxed into the cheerful softness of the domestic fireside—her lofty spirit stooping to the thousand fond cares and minute attentions calculated, “well-ordered home man’s best delight to make.” But Harcourt had never seen the woman who realized these ideas, and lady Augusta was the loveliest of all who did not; she might be the pride and ornament of his life, in its more conspicuous moments, and would not, he hoped, deprive its more retired scenes of any comforts they now possessed. Harcourt had read of wedded felicity, and hung with rapture over the page, until he cast it away, with the painful consideration, that it was but fiction—that such scenes

had never really blessed human life, and far, far was lady Augusta from changing this idea.

Such reflections painfully mingled with his other sentiments towards her, as he rode by her side, admiring the graceful ease with which she managed her fiery steed, and listening to the eloquence with which she spoke of the beauties of nature now surrounding them.

All the feelings of tenderness, however, with which she could inspire him, were fully awakened, when, as they advanced in single file through a narrow hedged lane, the horse of lady Augusta suddenly plunged, and threw her.

The two gentlemen were instantly at her side, and raising her in their arms, they found her senseless, blood flowing profusely from a wound in the forehead.

Harcourt, from his admiration of her attractions, and his idea that women were a species of beings to pass through life unsuffering and unannoyed, hung over



her in almost equal agony with her terrified father.

A servant was dispatched for a surgeon, and another desired to find out the nearest place to which she could be conveyed.

"I can tell you," said the boy who, by suddenly springing from the hedge, had, inadvertently, caused the accident; "bring her to Mrs. Mandeville's, for they cure every body."

Harcourt, bearing her in his arms, and her father, too much agitated to walk without the assistance of a servant, were about to follow his guidance, when a young lady, attracted by the sounds of distress, entered the lane, and desired they would bring the sufferer to the cottage, from which they were only separated by its lawn.

"That is Miss Mandeville," said the child, "and she will make her well."

The agonies of lord Castlebrook soon announced the father. The young stranger seemed deeply to feel them, and soothed him with all the consolations usual on

such occasions, in assurances that it was evident, from Augusta's appearance, that the injury was not material.

They were soon within a few steps of the cottage. Miss Mandeville ran on before them, fearful, as she said, that her mother might be alarmed by the sudden appearance of so many strangers in such a situation.

Mrs. Mandeville then appeared; she was a woman of commanding height and graceful form, with remains of distinguished beauty, though both face and figure were injured by extreme thinness, and the languor of ill-health.\* Her start, her exclamation, the quick change of her colour, as her eye first fell on the pale features of lady Augusta, filled the father and lord Harcourt with alarm that she perceived some dangerous symptom.

She calmed their apprehensions, however, and with tender solicitude assisted in placing lady Augusta on a sofa, and applying those remedies which Harcourt, who was too benevolent not to have learn-

ed in his profession a familiarity with wounds and bruises, thought expedient, until the arrival of the surgeon. He set her father's mind at ease, by assuring him that she had received no material injury, though the shake to her whole frame might affect her a few days; and having bled her, he desired that she should be kept perfectly tranquil until evening, when he proposed seeing her again.

Mrs. Mandeville then advised that she should be put to bed, in which lady August coinciding, she retired for the purpose, with the mother and daughter.

Miss Mandeville soon returned, to inform her anxious friends, who had been invited to remain at the cottage until the surgeon's next visit, that lady Augusta, though universally shaken and bruised, seemed perfectly composed, and inclined to rest.

"I hope," said lord Castlebrook, smiling, "my daughter will long have reason to rejoice in this accident, as the introduction to so sweet an acquaintance; and now,

Harcourt, will you ride home, to tell lady Castlebrook that your cousin is in the kindest hands, and will do well?"

Miss Mandeville blushed deeply; and as she retreated a few steps from the spot where she had stood by lord Harcourt, her eyes sought the ground, then raised themselves timidly, rested on his face for a moment, and with yet higher blushes were withdrawn.—“ I have not the honour of knowing any of lord Harcourt's connexions,” she said, timidly, in answer to the glance of inquiry which both cast on each other and on her; “ but we have read much of him: my father was an officer, and the honour of the British army is dear to us.”

Lord Harcourt blushed and smiled, and, for the first time in his life, received a compliment from a young and lovely woman, without racking his invention to return it; here he instinctively felt, that had it risen to his lips, it must be suppressed.

Soon recovering her embarrassment,

Miss Mandeville delivered a message from her mother, requesting that lady Castlebrook would dine at the cottage, that she might have the satisfaction of being near her daughter without inconvenience. The words were polite and smooth as courtesy could make them; but there was something in the tone and manner that brought a glow of confusion to the face of lord Castlebrook, by reminding him that the Mandevilles had been in the neighbourhood for many years, without receiving the smallest notice from his family.

He was surprised by the graceful manners and polished address of his hostesses, and still more so when he observed that the reception of so many noble guests made no commotion in the cottage; there was no forced passiveness that affected to say that such visitors made no addition to their usual board, nor no bustle that betrayed that such additions were unusual.

Though retired and timid, the manners of Miss Mandeville were perfectly free from that awkwardness which always at-

tends the bashfulness of those who struggle against it, in a desire to appear to advantage: she seemed diffident of offering her opinions, but it was of herself she was diffident, not of the noble stranger. There was nothing in her manner which indicated a desire to grapple at a high acquaintance, though there was much which spoke her pleased by his appearance and conversation. She said she felt quite ashamed of herself, for having drawn lord Harcourt's attention by her manner on hearing his name; but that she had often wished to see the hero whose just fame had spread so far, and was embarrassed to find that she had been speaking to him with the familiarity into which the confusion had surprised her.

This naturally led the conversation to the important public objects in which his laurelled sword had been engaged; and lord Castlebrook was surprised at the intelligent interest his young and simple companion seemed to feel in them, and at the sound sense of the few observations

she uttered, though they were never more than politeness rendered necessary, to save her guest from the awkward predicament of having the whole discussion left on his own hands.

As he gazed on her fair form and features, lord Castlebrook thought it must have been the agitation of the dreadful moment in which he first saw her, had prevented his being struck by them; but, in fact, the beauty of Louisa Mandeville was rather calculated to please the eye that rested on it, than to strike at first sight.

Her figure had scarcely attained to what is usually termed middle size, but the exquisitely-rounded slightness of her form, and the delicate proportion of her limbs, gave her the effect of miniature height; though not tall, she was well-made. Her features were decidedly pretty; though minute, her dark blue eyes, and her ever-varying colour, alike seemed to reflect every feeling. The general expression of her countenance was that of tranquil happiness and playful vivacity; her beauty

never commanded attention or admiration; but when the former was casually called to it, it always met the latter: her wish was rather to win affection than praise, and in this she was usually gratified, for whoever admired her enough to observe her character, invariably loved it. An air of softness and timidity reigned over her whole face and person, which aided their minuteness in shading them from general observation; she looked as if one glance or word of reproof or disapprobation could blight her in a moment; she seemed to be a creature rather to be cherished in the maternal bosom, than exposed even to the admiration of the world in general.

Lord Castlebrook was far from thinking her the most beautiful or most fascinating of women; but he saw that she was lovely, and in every look, every tone, every word she uttered, he felt that she was well-tempered, unsophisticated, playful, and endearing, and possessed in no small degree that most uncommon of all qualities,



common sense. To this the pure integrity of her heart, and the undeviating rectitude of her principles, powerfully contributed; always wishing to follow the right path, she never warped her reason by efforts to bind it to the side of inclination. Never was the spirit of the precept, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," more fully impressed on any heart than hers; she invariably saw all the concerns, the interests, the feelings of others, in the same point of view as her own, and weighed the one in the same balance, and with the same measure, as the other.

When the carriage of lady Castlebrook stopped at the cottage-door, the good-natured solicitude with which Miss Mandeville hastened to meet her, to relieve the fears of an anxious mother, was sensibly different from the *empressement* with which the same might have been done to engage the notice and thanks of the peeress. Louisa's countenance so sweetly corroborated the words she uttered, that no one could imagine, for any thing she said

or did, any other reason, any other motive, than that which was ostensible.

Lady Augusta was so much recovered by the time of her mother's arrival, that her wish to join the circle after dinner was complied with; the haughty superciliousness which had prevented her visiting the Mandevilles, as "people who would conceive themselves on a certain kind of equality," was now wholly overcome by the emotions of gratitude, and she permitted to strengthen in her bosom the strong partiality she had conceived for Mrs. Mandeville and her daughter; but Louisa's modest pride, with the remembrance of the neglect they had met with from the family, induced her to endeavour to conceal the interest and admiration which the graceful and endearing manners, and the soft melancholy of lady Castlebrook, had excited in her bosom, though no feeling of this kind checked the cordiality of her watchful attentions to the sufferer.

Lord Harcourt soon began to make the same discovery as lord Castlebrook had

made in conversation, and which his lady had made the moment she saw her, that Louisa Mandeville was beautiful.

Scarcely had lady Augusta been placed on the couch, to which she was borne in the arms of her cousin, when the surgeon arrived. He thought she might, without risk, be conveyed to Castlebrook immediately; but as she expressed a wish to remain the night in her present situation, where, she said, from the extreme kindness she had met, she hoped she would not be an unwelcome guest, she was permitted to do so; and early in the evening, her parents, after many expressions of gratitude, which, flowing from the heart, went forcibly to those of the mother and daughter, returned to Castlebrook with lord Harcourt, leaving Mrs. Morton to pay any attentions to her young lady that might be inconvenient to the family.

Lady Augusta herself believed that a sense of fatigue alone aided her wish to cultivate her new acquaintance, in making

her desire to prolong her stay; she would have been sorry to acknowledge to herself that the recollection of George Villars's intimacy with them, and anxiety to know whether he would come to inquire for her, had been the chief cause of this desire—she would have been sorry to acknowledge to herself the cause of the many changes of colour which Mrs. Mandeville noticed with alarm; nor was she fully sensible of the cause of her close inquiries about Louisa's friends in the neighbourhood—who she visited—who she liked—who she saw most frequently, &c.; but, Louisa understood it, and felt indignant that she should be solicitous about the love, while she scorned the lover.—“Was it possible,” thought this pure and unsophisticated mind, “that any one should triumph in being the source of unhappiness to another?”

A long silence had followed this feeling, when suddenly rising, while her speaking countenance expressed the most pitying

emotion, Louisa exclaimed—"Mamma, poor George Villars is coming!"

"Meet him, my love," said Mrs. Mandeville, glancing her eye on lady Augusta.

Villars had not, until this moment, heard of the accident, which, from the exaggerated accounts he had received, seemed to threaten the life of the object of his hopeless attachment, and instantly he flew to the house of his friends, where he understood she had been conveyed; the moment his eye fell on Louisa's face, he exclaimed—"It is then true, Louisa—she dies!"

"No," answered Louisa; "believe me, dear George, whatever in my look led you to such an idea, was caused by sympathy for you, not her. She is almost well, and you had better not see her."

But vain was all she could say; with the vehemence natural to his character, he persisted, that unless she permitted him to judge for himself, all her assurances would not persuade him that lady Augusta was in safety.

Her spirits subdued by suffering, and her feelings softened by his violent agitation, lady Augusta could not command the cold distance of manner with which she endeavoured to receive him; and George left her with feelings which completely counteracted all the little progress his friends had made, in the charitable work of rousing his mind to some exertion, against the fatal enchantment which was at once undermining his health, and destroying all his prospects in life.

He was the only child of a clergyman, who, having no jointure or means of support to bequeath to his wife, looked to his rising talents as the prop and glory of her declining years, and to become so had been the fondest wish of George's ardent heart; to it he had sacrificed his passion for poetry, to bestow his time more exclusively on the study of the law; to it all his tastes and pleasures had been subservient; and George was all the fond hearts of his parents—all the best wishes of his friends; could desire, when the return of the Castle-

brook family to this their principal estate, brought to his eyes the magic beauty of lady Augusta Delamore; her personal charms captivated his romantic imagination, and the kindness with which lord Castlebrook thought it incumbent on him to treat the family of the rector, gave him the opportunity of increasing his fascination, by the power of her talents, and the brilliancy of her conversation; and many evenings of enthusiastic rapture were followed by nights of feverish anguish, in which he viewed with despair the obscurity of his own situation, which placed him, as he felt, almost beneath the eye of lady Augusta; yet that eye, he thought, had sometimes turned on him with complacency, when he hung over her harp with silent ecstasy, or illustrated her remarks by apt quotations; but it had also pierced his heart with glances of haughty, indignant repulse, when by looks and trembling assiduities he had betrayed the passion which his tongue had never dared to utter.

All his studies, all his more solid pursuits, were now abandoned; and if some bright visions of ambitious hope led him occasionally to resume them, he found the spring of his mind utterly broken, and his wandering thoughts incapable of fixing on the objects to which he wished to direct them.

Of all his feelings, Louisa Mandeville was the sympathizing confidante: having no sisters of his own, he had conceived for her all the fond affection of a brother; and with a sister's kindness, Louisa had heard the tale of all his hopes and fears, and endeavoured to sooth his distracted mind; and though, when she saw his sufferings, she could scarcely resist the impulse of her feelings to indulge him in hope, she still obeyed the highest dictates of reason; and while with every tender care she softened the blow, she pointed out to him the impossibility of success.

As a woman, Louisa Mandeville was flexible and timid—as a Christian, she was



firm and decided; her heart was easily won on, and easily prejudiced in favour of all her fellow-creatures; but her understanding was strong and her judgment clear; her feelings led her to sympathize with the good for their goodness, and the wicked for their unhappiness in being so, but her principles taught her the strong distinction to be preserved in our sentiments towards them: yet always where Louisa blamed, she pitied and always when her principles obliged her to give pain to any heart, her own was the first to suffer by it. Her mild reasonings, and the kind sympathy which cast a softness over the harshest truths, at length prevailed on him to make his visits less frequent, and to give his mind, even though it might at first be ineffectually, to those studies to which filial duty called him.

His parents, with fond gratitude, loved his young adviser, and wished that she had been the object of his attachment; but not so Louisa—she had known him from childhood, and his idea had never

connected itself in her mind with that of a lover; of all mankind, she loved George and Mr. Villars first, and next an old disabled soldier, who had served in her father's regiment.

Lord and lady Castlebrook, early on the following day, called for their daughter, and with captivating sweetness, lady Castlebrook, as she pressed the hands of Mrs and Miss Mandeville, entreated that their kindness would not end here, but would add enjoyment to gratitude, in becoming friends to those they had already so materially served.

Louisa cast a pleading glance on her mother, who replied—"We shall always feel sincerely interested in lady Augusta; but I am far, very far, madam, from claiming a continuance of the acquaintance with which we were only honoured when chance made it necessary. *Here* your ladyship's visits will be always most acceptable; but——"

Lady Castlebrook interrupted her, and,

tears rising to her beautiful eyes, she said —“ Do not say that I must never hope to see you and Miss Mandeville inmates of my house: believe me, warm gratitude is not the only sentiment with which you have inspired both my lord and me. Do I not see a soft pleader for me rising in your daughter's countenance? Surely, Mrs. Mandeville, you cannot resist her;” and Louisa felt, as she grasped the extended hand, that it must be much more impossible to resist the voice and smile of lady Castlebrook.

“ There is another pleader,” said lady Augusta, blushing, “ which I hope Mrs. Mandeville will feel. From my mother's ill-health, I am her representative in the country; and I am sure Mrs. Mandeville will not inflict, on one under so much obligation to her, a pain so very great as that of having lost her acquaintance by my thoughtless neglect.”

On the minds of both mother and daughter the attractions of their new friends had made a strong impression; but

Louisa felt much more than mere admiration for lady Castlebrook; her fancy had been captivated by the fascination of her manner, which high fashion had polished, without depriving of its native sweetness; but her heart sympathized in the pensiveness which so frequently stole over her perfect features, and in the want of cordial, confiding love, which, even in their short acquaintance, she had perceived between lady Castlebrook and lady Augusta; and while the tear of sympathy with the former glistened in her azure eyes, she raised them in smiling gratitude to Heaven, that she was blessed with such a mother, and that her beloved mother possessed in her child all that the most fond and devoted attachment to her could give.

Just as Louisa was returning from the parsonage, whose now-afflicted inhabitants she or her mother saw every day, with surprise and pleasure she saw, at the cottage-door, a saddled horse, whose warlike appearance announced him to be the charger of lord Harcourt: with rapid steps

and heightened colour, Louisa hastened on to gaze again on this glorious successor of her father, for lord Harcourt's regiment, she knew, was that formerly commanded by colonel Mandeville.

Lord Harcourt came to inform them, from lady Castlebrook, that lady Augusta had not been in the least fatigued by the carriage on her return home, and that (thanks to their kind care!) her parents hoped the following day would see her in her usual health.

"How very kind of dear——" Louisa checked herself, and repeated—"How very kind of lady Castlebrook to send us such pleasant intelligence!"

"She intended sending it by a servant, Miss Mandeville," said Harcourt, smiling.

"But from all we have heard of lord Harcourt," said Mrs. Mandeville, "we cannot be surprised by any instance of his good-nature."

At first Louisa sat in silence, sometimes, when his eyes were directed another way, timidly raising hers to his face, and with-

drawing them in wonder that 'she should actually be in the situation of friendly intercourse with this hero, so elevated in her imagination; but soon cause for this wonder was increased, while the wonder was itself forgotten, in her being led into common conversation with him.

There was nothing in lord Harcourt's appearance to remind that he was the object of universal admiration, though all who conversed with him felt that he deserved to be so, even independent of his military fame. On the contrary, though his sentiments were lofty, and much of pride was in his martial step and brow, his manner and countenance were usually indicative rather of his softer feelings; Louisa only remembered that he was a hero, as it added a charm to the unassuming ease which banished all awe of him as such.

Now, for the first time, that charm of manner which every man thought must be a passport to the heart of woman, and which no woman had hitherto perceived,

shone in all its captivity; for now, for the first time, in conversing with women, he felt that he conversed with rational beings of his own species, without the imagined necessity of being restrained to one particular subject.

Before he went, lord Harcourt asked Louisa, had she observed the charger at the door? saying he had rode him for the purpose of shewing him to her, as he had heard her express her admiration of war-horses, and thought few his equal in beauty.

Louisa accompanied him to the cottage-door.

“Miss Mandeville,” said he, “you mentioned yesterday, that your father was an officer; was he the respected colonel Mandeville, who once commanded the — regiment, who is still loved by tradition, though few of the men are alive who served under him?”

“He was,” replied Louisa, while tears rolled unconsciously down her cheeks; “he was; mamma seldom has courage to speak of him, but I know his character

from one of his old soldiers. "My father died before my birth."

She stopped, with an effort to suppress her feelings; and while the tears still rested on her cheek, she smilingly added—"It was from poor old John I learned my admiration of war-horses; and it was from him we learned how much we ought to esteem lord Harcourt."

Many questions about old John followed on the part of Harcourt, who promised to visit his cottage the following day: he then rode off, highly pleased by the conversation of his new friends, and hoping to enjoy it soon again; but it must be acknowledged, that in the lonely hour when he retired for repose, his thoughts rested more on the battle of which they had been speaking, and the friends who had fallen in it, than on the azure eyes and harmonious voice of Louisa Mandeville.

For several minutes after he had left her, Louisa stood gazing on the road he had taken.



“Why so pensive, love?” inquired her mother.

Louisa seated herself in her accustomed place, and replied—“I was thinking, mamma, of poor George; even though her rank and fortune had placed no obstacle between them, I see that lady Augusta is now out of his reach.”

“Why so?” said Mrs. Mandeville. “On the contrary, I yesterday thought that her heart and her pride were at variance. I am sure, had George rank, even without wealth, she would be his.”

“Not now,” answered Louisa, sorrowfully. “If she has any regard for George, it must be very slight; and when lord Harcourt is his rival, what can we hope? To say the truth, I was enchanted by his conversation, without considering poor George’s fate; but now I think only with pain on all that delighted me then.”

■ Mrs. Mandeville, though she did not wish to seem eager to catch at an acquaintance too long withheld, felt that propriety more than warranted her meeting the ad-

vances of lady Castlebrook; and in her next visit, in which lady Augusta was unable to accompany her, they accepted an invitation to dinner the day but one following.

In preparing, for the first time in her life, to enter a formal company, Louisa felt many emotions; she feared the haughty glance of lady Augusta—she feared that she might, by awkwardness, lose the partiality of lord and lady Castlebrook, and appear in the eyes of lord Harcourt as degenerating from the dignity which had strongly marked the character of her father; and never had Louisa paid so much attention to her toilet, and never had she felt so dissatisfied with it, as on this, to her, momentous day.

Trembling with bashful terror, she entered the stately saloon of Castlebrook. She was received with endearing kindness by its lovely mistress, and affectionate pleasure by lady Augusta, who felt that once admitted into her society, she might indulge her prepossession in favour of this

“pretty cottager;” the awkwardness she dreaded was soon removed.

Mrs. Mandeville, naturally elegant, had found her greatest delight in giving her daughter all the polish, as well as all the solid information, she herself possessed; and Louisa, though easily abashed and tremblingly alive to disapprobation, was, when perfectly unembarrassed, graceful, frank, and playful. None could dislike her; but those who were not inclined to the contrary, might pass her over unnoticed. Had she possessed high rank, or any adventitious circumstance to call attention, none would have been considered more attractively lovely; but she might for ever remain unnoticed by those who did not begin by drawing her out. She was indeed appalled by the ceremonious state of a Castlebrook dinner; but soon encouraged by the watchful eye of her mother, the smiles of her two hostesses, and the marked attention of both lord Castlebrook and lord Harcourt, she forgot fears of herself, and when they were forgotten, she had no

cause for them; and by the time they arrived at the dessert, she was alive only to the conversation around her.

The brilliancy of lady Augusta's pointed wit was so mingled with good-natured sweetness, that it enlivened instead of silencing Louisa: she did not speak much, not from any fear of doing so, but from her desire to hear every word that passed. There were few subjects on which she did not know enough to feel where any point of difficulty lay; she accurately measured the extent of her own information; it was too well founded for her to doubt its correctness, and she possessed an understanding too clear and sound, not to feel precisely the point at which her knowledge stopped, by this unconsciously betraying how distinct and well-arranged that knowledge was.

For the first time in his life, lord Harcourt felt almost tempted to request the ladies not to retire so soon; and as he attended them to the door, instead of standing in polite silence, endeavouring to con-

ceal his pleasure at their departure, he continued to Louisa some comment on the subject they had been speaking of; and that evening he began to believe that women might greatly add to the pleasures of life. He had hitherto considered a wife only as the head and ornament of his house; he now began to weigh how far lady Augusta was capable of becoming the companion of his heart.

Louisa Mandeville had not yet appeared to him the loveliest of women, but she had raised his opinion of the sex; and from day to day, as his acquaintance with her became more intimate, his opinion of them became more correct. While her understanding appeared equal with that of the most sensible men he had ever known—while her beauty changed in his eyes from interesting to fascinating—while her playfulness seemed the most brilliant wit, softened by the modest gentleness of her nature, she was the most unassuming of human beings; while her opinions were too clear for her to doubt their accuracy,

she always paused on them if contradicted, and considered the subject again before she ventured to support them; and she always preferred listening to the sentiments of others, to bringing forward her own. Her mind seemed eager to grasp at farther knowledge—her spirits flowed in amusement with childlike gaiety; yet when most brightly she smiled in conversation that opened to her new ideas—when most gaily she led the dance, or joined in laughing chat, she was ready to leave it on the smallest call of good-nature.

Lord and lady Castlebrook loved the sweetness of Louisa's character, and were delighted by her manners and conversation; and in the enjoyment of these, no fear for lord Harcourt's heart ever checked them: the father thought Louisa indeed lovely; but an idea of her rivalling the brilliant, peerless heiress of the house of Castlebrook, he would have ridiculed as an absurdity.

Lady Castlebrook, yet more strongly than her husband, felt all that Louisa was,

and many a tear rolled down her cheek, from the wish that she had such a child. A marriage between lord Harcourt and lady Augusta she earnestly desired; wretched indeed would she have been, had she believed that it would be broken through; yet much more dearly she loved lord Harcourt than lady Augusta; and deep were the groans of agony which rent her bosom, when she thought that a woman of more domestic habits, and a softer mind, would have been better suited to him.

Lady Augusta was not undomestic, in the love of what is usually termed dissipation; the ball-room she did sometimes visit, but she felt beneath her a scene in which every girl with a pretty face, who had learned to dance, might shine as lovely; hers was an undomesticated mind, and alone, as she frequently was, with her parents, this could be indulged as much, or more, than in the crowded assembly; for it is not the natural sphere for the family virtues, and they are therefore more effec-

tually eradicated, by bringing into the domestic circle the desire to shine, the love of admiration, and the other concomitants of undomestic scenes, than they could be in the highest round of fashionable dissipation, in which some moments must be free for the exercise of the affections, if the home is such as is calculated to cherish them.

During the period in which the health and spirits of lady Castlebrook were broken, by the successive loss of four children in the first year of their existence, her heart languished more for the endearments and society of a child, than for a perpetuator of her noble race; yet, from infancy upward, the mind and manners of lady Augusta Delamore were rather those of the proud daughter of affluence and grandeur than of the cherished child of affection.

Mrs. Mandeville and Louisa soon received a pressing invitation to Castlebrook; they had now been acquainted about a fortnight, and Mrs. Mandeville, with fond delight, saw her Louisa daily gaining



ground in the affections of their new friends. Both felt pleasure in their preparations for this visit; each individual of the family had interested them; and though sensible of her many faults, Mrs. Mandeville sufficiently admired lady Augusta, to feel her a most valuable friend for Louisa; she saw something in her fine expressive countenance, that bespoke her formed for better things than the proud coquette or self-dependent genius, receiving none of her pleasures from the softer cares and gentler intercourse of life.

Louisa was to commence her visit alone, as, since her widowhood, her mother could not enter any scene of festive gaiety; and the first evening they were invited, was dedicated to a ball in honour of lord Harcourt, which the indisposition of his fair cousin had delayed till now. George Villars had been invited, but at the entreaties of Louisa had excused himself.

Lord Harcourt, for the first time since his arrival at Castlebrook, wore his uniform: Louisa started when she saw it, and

sighed as she looked at him, and thought —“ Was such the man my mother lost? was such the man whose whole heart she possessed? oh, what she must have suffered!”

Lord Harcourt perceived her emotion; his countenance became clouded, and kindly taking her hand in his, he said—“ I once heard you say you wished, yet dreaded to see the uniform of your gallant father; and I thought that to-night, when Mrs. Mandeville was absent, and when the gay scene would draw you from melancholy reflection, was the best time for your wish to be gratified—but I little knew you. Indeed, Miss Mandeville, every day but teaches me how short of what is worthy of you was the high, admiring esteem I felt for you the day before.”

Never had Louisa's cheek glowed, or her heart swelled, with such pleasure as at these words; she felt raised in her own opinion by the praise of such a man as lord Harcourt: she did not answer, and lord Harcourt added, in a more cheerful

tone—"But I wanted you to quote for me a line from your favourite Burns; can you think of one which, at this moment, would make me very happy, and would not, I hope, be false?"

Louisa knew what he alluded to, and, incapable of a look or word of dissimulation, she smilingly replied—

"That gallant badge, that dear cockade,  
I love you for the sake o't."

Just as she timidly withdrew her hand from the fervent grasp of his, lady Augusta approached them, attended by some young ladies, who declared themselves enchanted by Louisa's beauty, remarking, in every praise of her eyes, nose, and mouth, that it was the image of lord Harcourt's.

A smile of mingled contempt and drolery curled the lip, and arched the brow, of lady Augusta, as, with courteous politeness, she said to the young lady who had been most lavish in these covered praises of her noble cousin—"If lord Harcourt is disen-

gaged, I am sure he will be most happy to dance with lady Mary Graves."

Bowing low, lord Harcourt received her hand, and endured all his former awkwardness, "how he was to express his great pleasure in the circumstance."

Not long after he had led his fair partner to her chaperon did he remain at her side, and the moment he left her, he sought the spot where lady Augusta stood receiving universal homage, and where Louisa smiled by her side, partly amazed and partly entertained by the repellent dignity with which she repulsed those of her courtiers whose homage was unacceptable, and the perfect politeness with which she knew to utter words the most haughty and almost insolent.

A moment lord Harcourt paused, to mark the strong contrast. The proud glance of lady Augusta sunk not under the most ardent gaze; she had the power of repressing familiarity by a look of chilling contempt; while Louisa, shrinking from observation, seemed incapable of

raising her eyes to any object that displeased her: the one required to 'be the object of universal admiration—the other neither avoided or sought it, but seemed abashed by a degree of notice that made her feel that her words and movements were exposed to remark, even though it were favourable; the whole expression of the one was haughtiness, confidence, and talent—of the other, sensibility, softness, and gaiety.

Harcourt was still contemplating them, when lord Castlebrook approached him.—“It is strange,” he said, “that while your cousin bears no resemblance to you, every one remarks that between you and Miss Mandeville; and now my attention is called to it, I not only fancy that I see it, but also a likeness to your mother, and some others of our family; yet I am very sure there never could have been any intermarriage between a Delamore and a Mandeville.”

He then turned to Louisa, and asked, had she heard the general remark?

“ Yes, and not for the first time,” she answered; “ for long before I ever knew your family, old John, who served under both my father and lord Harcourt, had told me that I resembled his young commander much more than my own parent.”

“ There now is Harcourt’s very smile,” said lord Castlebrook; “ if you were relations, it is what would be considered the strongest family-likeness.”

But since they were not relations, this it could not be; and Harcourt ventured, in a whisper, to inquire, did she not believe that similarity of mind might cause a resemblance of features as well as countenance?

Never had Louisa gazed so intently on her mirror as she did this night, to trace, in the soft blushes of her cheek, and the sweet smiles of her lip and eye, the resemblance that called them forth; and doubtless lord Harcourt surveyed, with unusual complacency, the fine features which he now felt must be uninjured by the fatigues of war, and the changes of

climate, since the voice even of flattery or of affection could pronounce them like those of Louisa Mandeville.

Still unobserved by lord and lady Castlebrook, the attachment of Harcourt at every hour gained additional force. Still the proud father imagined, that while he found a childish pleasure in the society of the pretty Louisa, his whole sense and taste must lead him to seek the hand his ambitious views must so ardently desire; and still, for another passing fortnight, the mother sighed that she had not such a child as Louisa to bestow on her beloved young friend, but endeavoured to persuade herself that he was willing to obey the wishes of lord Ennerdale, and might find happiness in the brilliant talents of Augusta.

Not so the watchful eye of Mrs. Mandeville; she saw that Louisa had not only charmed his fancy, but won his heart, and that all the ties of mutual attachment would shortly bind them to each other; she felt that he was himself above the

consideration's of wealth and 'grandeur; but she felt also that his haughty father would ill brook the idea that his only child, the heir of lofty titles and unmeasured wealth, the theme of universal praise, who might aspire even to the lovely heiress of Castlebrook, should unite himself to the slightly-portioned daughter of an officer of undistinguished, though respectable family; and this she had determined to represent to Louisa, when, entering her room about a fortnight after their arrival at Castlebrook, she found her dissolved in tears.

Rising on her mother's appearance, she smiled, and busied herself so as to conceal her face; but, unused to any concealment, she burst again into tears, and rested her head on the shoulder of her mother.

Mrs. Mandeville pressed her in her arms, and after a moment's pause, she said—"Louisa, I do not ask the cause of these tears—too well I guess it; but still, my love, let every little feeling be freely



expressed to me. They were connected with lord Harcourt?"

"They were, mamma."

"And in what manner, dearest?" asked Mrs. Mandeville.

"I should feel happier if I told you all, mamma—I know I should."

"Then speak, love," said Mrs. Mandeville; "confide in your fondest, truest friend."

"In my mother," said Louisa, raising her head, with a smile.

Mrs. Mandeville sighed, and kissing her with strong emotion, she said—"Yes, precious child of my heart, in a mother."

"Well, mamma, I was thinking, and perhaps I am wrong, that lady Augusta is not so very amiable as we could wish her; she is a fine noble creature, but she has not that devoted attachment to her parents, that domestic turn of mind, that softness, I should wish her to have."

"For the sake of her parents?" said Mrs. Mandeville, with a half-smile.

Louisa shook her head.

“ And for another reason,” continued her mother; “ you do not think her suited to lord Harcourt?”

“ Yes, that was what I felt; she has not the delicacy of feeling, the quick sensibility, the warmth of heart, which would correspond with his character. It is partly the fault of education, but still she is not suited to him; and then I thought, mamma, that if I had been in her situation, I would have made him happier.”

Louisa paused for a moment, then, with heightening blushes, doubtfully raised her eyes to the face of her mother.

“ And I go farther,” said Mrs. Mandeville; “ I think, that as you are, you would make him infinitely happier; and he thinks so also.”

Louisa was silent; but her eloquent eyes, and glowing cheeks, sufficiently spoke her feelings.

Mrs. Mandeville gazed on her with a melancholy smile, then said—“ But, my

Louisa, not so does his father think ; and, oh ! never may I see you, my heart's best treasure, enter a family where you are disapproved and scorned by all but one adored individual—one on whom every feeling must fix with idolatry, and who may, in one dreadful moment, be torn from your arms, leaving you isolated on the earth. I speak from experience, Louisa—sad experience.”

“ You are not isolated, mamma,” said Louisa, fondly ; “ you are not alone.”

“ One who possesses all the affections, who loves with more than maternal tenderness such a child, can never be wholly wretched ; and the sweet reproach of those eyes is just, my dearest—those very sorrows blessed me with my Louisa ; but, oh, *his* child——” Mrs. Mandeville checked herself, and more calmly added—“ But sorrow I have known, Louisa, which I could never live to know again through you, my dearer self. You love lord Harcourt, and he deserves it.”

Louisa started ; but the ingenuous

blush, which glowed on her cheek she attempted not to falsify.

“And what is your hope, my child?” at length inquired Mrs. Mandeville.

“I hope never to act unworthily of you,” answered Louisa, firmly—“never to call down fresh sorrows on your head, mamma; and if you think that this must end in misery——” She struggled with her tears, and added, in a lower tone—“I can return home, be happy as I was, and never remember that I had fancied higher happiness. All the poor people will be so delighted to see us! We shall have our reading, our work, our music, our pretty cottage, and the dear Villars; and I shall be as gay as ever.”

She tried to smile, while the tears rolled quickly down her cheeks.

Mrs. Mandeville was silent for several minutes; and the struggle between the fond wish to grant her daughter present happiness, and the tender fear for future sorrow, was visible on her countenance; but hers was a mind where the dictates of

reason were ever preferred to those of momentary inclination, and Louisa read in her eyes that the sacrifice must be made. — “ Well then,” she said, “ the sooner we go the better—to-morrow morning perhaps; and do not look so very sad, mamma—the pleasure I have enjoyed here has not been passing pleasure; my mind has been opened, my knowledge enlarged by his conversation, and I will carry home my store of intellectual treasure, to make our cottage life yet happier, and to make me a companion better suited to you.”

“ Louisa,” exclaimed Mrs. Mandeville, “ you were not born to this; the same splendour which has warped the character of lady Augusta, would but have enlarged the sphere of your excellence; your understanding, undazzled by magnificence, would have grasped at the opportunities of improvement her vanity has cast away; your virtues, unsullied by flattery, would have shone brighter on the eminence which has strained hers, until their texture

is weakened; you would have been the blessing of all—and she perhaps, softened by adversity, humbled in retirement, might have possessed the thousand sympathies of human life which had rendered her character so lovely. Yet lady Castlebrook is so amiable, so incapable of——”

Again Mrs. Mandeville checked the coming words.

Louisa looked at her with surprise; then smilingly she said—“ But, mamma, you cannot judge of what I would have been, reared in the heated atmosphere of flattery, instead of in the even flow of fond maternal care, which, like the dew on the fleece of Gideon, shewed that the blessing of Heaven was with me. Well then, mamma, it is determined that we shall go to-morrow, and you will announce it this evening.”

During dinner, Louisa was silent, and many a sigh heaved her breast, as she thought that perhaps it was the last time she should enjoy this dear society.

Fearful that she would betray her emotion, Mrs. Mandeville delayed announcing their departure until the ladies had returned to the drawing-room, and Louisa, from the same apprehension, had retired to her own apartment.

Lady Augusta warmly expressed her sorrow at losing them, and soon went to seek Louisa.

Lady Castlebrook seemed incapable, at first, of uttering her feelings; but after a long pause, raising her tearful eyes, she said—"I knew that Louisa had soothed many a moment of wretchedness—that I most fondly loved her; but until you spoke of taking her from me, I knew not how necessary she was become to the degree of peace I can ever know. I forgot that she was not my own child, until the right of a real mother interposed.

"Perhaps——" said Mrs. Mandeville.

The glance of her eyes, as she uttered the word, seemed like a serpent's sting to the heart of lady Castlebrook; she sprung

from her chair, then reseating herself, her countenance became composed, though more than ever melancholy.

Mrs. Mandeville, as she looked at the softness of her beautiful eyes, and felt the magic sweetness of her voice, thought that to finish the sentence she had begun would be unjust and cruel.

The silence that ensued was only interrupted by the entrance of the gentlemen, and soon after of lady Augusta and Louisa.

Deeply wrapped in thought, Mrs. Mandeville scarcely remembered their presence. Lady Castlebrook dreaded again to mention the subject; and Louisa sat listening to lord Harcourt's efforts at conversation, and wondering did he yet know her mother's determination.

Lady Augusta was occupied in reflections which she wished might be interrupted, yet could not banish from her mind; and lord Castlebrook proposing that the mute party might be enlivened by



music, asked Louisa to accompany his daughter in a duet.

“Not this evening, my lord,” said Harcourt. “Miss Mandeville does not look well; but to-morrow, I hope, she will be able to gratify us, without injury to herself.”

“Poor Louisa found it difficult to refrain from tears.

“To-morrow, I am sorry to say,” answered lady Augusta, “Miss Mandeville will not be of our party. She goes home early.”

“But to return next day?” exclaimed lord Harcourt.

“No,” she replied, in a voice scarcely audible.

“Then when?” he repeated.

“I do not know—certainly not for some time.”

Lord Harcourt coloured; he found that there was in the world a woman without whose society he could not be happy—a woman dearer to him than all his long-loved friends—a woman whose affection

was necessary to all his hopes of domestic felicity.

There was something in Louisa so retired, so quiet, that his attachment to her had grown without his ever reflecting that he was in love—that is, that his heart was fixed on one individual, singly and solely, as the joy of future life; and now, when he recollected it, a blush, and smile of wonder at himself, stole over his features; but not long did these thoughts occupy his mind. Louisa arose from his side, and, as she turned, on his seizing her hand to detain her, he perceived that the long-restrained tears had filled her eyes. He drew her aside from lady Augusta, who seemed scarcely to perceive the action, and standing at a distant window, the happy Louisa received the offer of his hand, his rank, his wealth, and the assurance that his heart was already irrevocably hers.

She heard him in silence; but the repeated pressure of her hand convinced her that he read in her countenance all he

wished ; but a sudden recollection crossed her mind, and a sudden cloud 'dimmed the lustre of her eyes.—“ Your father,” she said, in a tremulous tone.

Harcourt started ; but a smile dispelling the shade which for a moment rested on his countenance, he said—“ He shall know you, my Louisa, and glory in the choice of his son.”

Both turned as he spoke, on a sigh of agony behind them.

Pale and trembling, lady Castlebrook tried to smile, and clasping their united hands, she exclaimed, in a low and hurried tone—“ Be happy, sweetest child ; be happy, dear noble Harcourt, as you deserve to be, and leave me to the misery, the disgrace, I have brought upon myself.”

Louisa instinctively followed her ; but motioning to her to desist, lady Castlebrook left the room.

Louisa looked at lord Harcourt for an explanation ; then whispering—“ Perhaps she does not wish us to be noticed,”

she returned to the circle, who were now called to supper. Her warm heart could not glow with perfect joy, unless her mother partook of it, and, as they approached the table, she whispered—"I am happy."

Lady Castlebrook sent to beg they would excuse her, as she had a headache, and had retired to rest.

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